HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. X.—No. 479.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

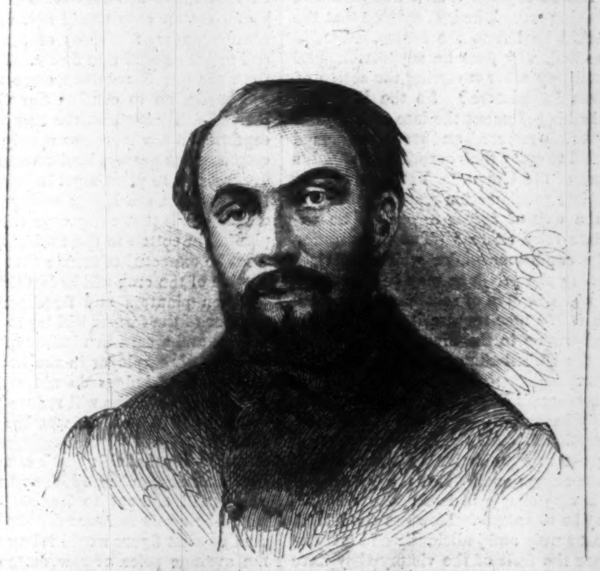
STARKWEATHER THE MURDERER.

On the last day of January of the current year was concluded at Hartford, Connecticut, the trial of Albert L. Starkweather for one of the most horrible murders on record. The prisoner, whose portrait we give on this page, was convicted of murder in the first degree. The sentence was postponed until the meeting of the Supreme Court of Errors on the third Tuesday of February, before which there was to be a new trial; but the evidence of the prisoner's guilt is so overwhelming that no reversal of the verdict could have been expected.

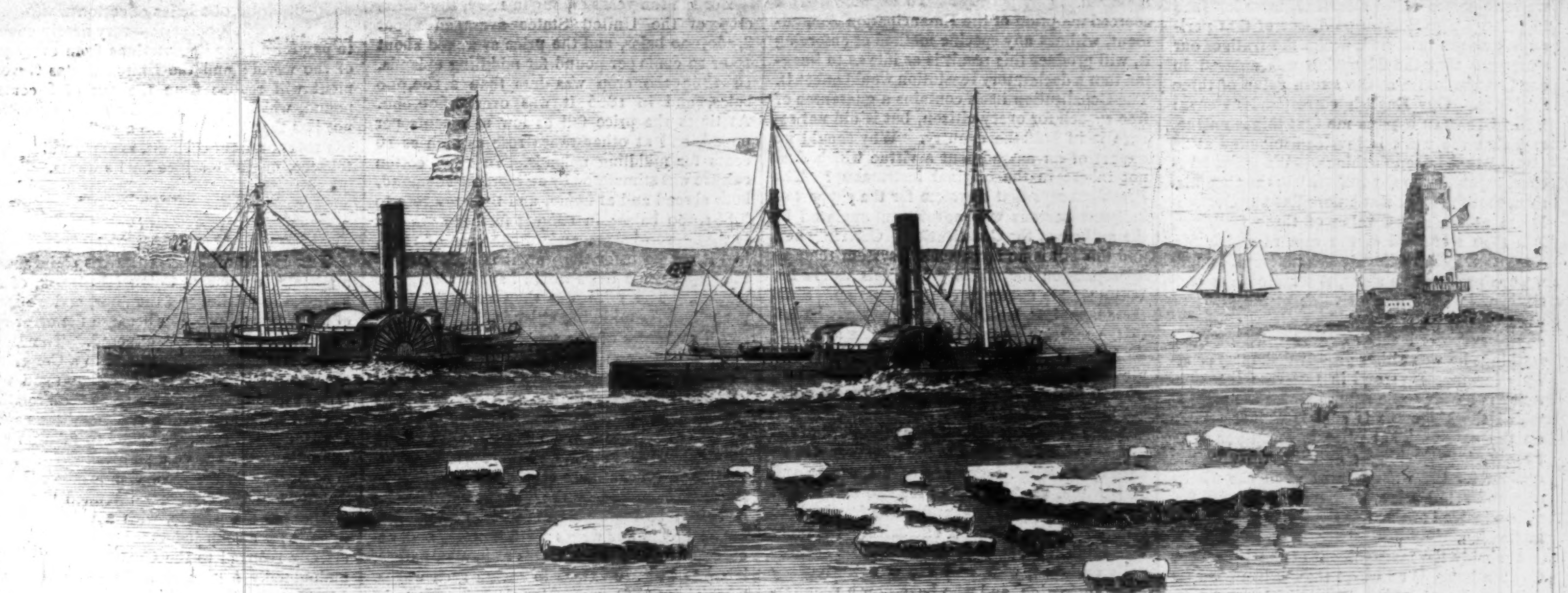
The circumstances of the murder were as follow: Young Starkweather was unmarried, but had been paying attentions to a young lady in Manchester named Emerett Campbell, who had refused her consent to an engagement, apparently on account of his embarrassed circumstances. According to Starkweather's own confession:

> In the early part of the week preceding the homicide his mother, he said, came to Hartford and executed a deed to him of the homestead. Previously (in 1862) she had delivered to him a deed of a lot containing 63 acres, though the deed had never been recorded. In giving him the deed of the homestead she had required him to give in return a mortgage note for $1500 in favor of Ella, his sister. On the Saturday following, he said, he went to Rockville, and, securing the services of a lawyer there, had the 63 acres of land given to him in 1862 and the homestead which had just passed into his possession deeded by a warranty deed to Emerett Campbell, thus disposing to her of all the estate to which he held title. On his return home that evening he stopped at Mr. Campbell's house and gave the deed to Emerett. When he reached his own house he told his mother what he had done, and she, very naturally, censured him for doing what she pronounced to be a very foolish act, and expressed herself in strong terms. She finally told him, however, that if he was willing to take the deed of the place, as previously agreed upon, and let the note of $1500 in favor of Ella stand as it was drawn, and would keep the deed in his own name and live on the premises, the arrangement she had made with him with regard to property might remain binding, and if Emerett would marry him she could come there and live; but if he chose to treat the matter as he had—deeding away all he was worth—he should not have "an inch of the ground." The words quoted are precisely those used by her, as stated by Starkweather in this confession. He told her that he would do nothing of the kind—would not take back the deed he had given to Emerett—and then accused her of interfering with his own and Miss Campbell's arrangements. Some further conversation of an excited character ensued, which resulted in his mother's going and getting the deed and note (which were in her possession) and tearing them up in his presence. High words followed, "and I told her," said he, "that I would be revenged." The destruction of the deed and note rendered the deed he had given to Miss Campbell totally valueless. "From that time," he added, "until the time of the murder the idea of killing mother did not leave my mind." He said he thought of it constantly—all night Saturday, and Sunday and Sunday night, and all the following day, "and the more I thought of it the madder I grew," were the words he used. Monday night he made up his mind to do the deed, as a favorable opportunity was presented by the absence of the hired man and boy. His mother and sister sat up to a very late hour, as they were frequently accustomed to do. Toward morning, about 3 o'clock, the house became quiet, and he took the axe from the wood-shed and the knife from a drawer, and proceeded to the bedchamber of his mother up stairs. On getting there he immediately struck her blows upon the head with the axe, and in so doing startled his sister Ella, who was lying in the back part of the bed, and she sprang up and jumped toward him. He did not expect to kill her, but, awaking as she did, and, as he supposed, seeing him, he was led to knock her in the head in order to put her out of the way, that she might not be a witness to his crime against him. To make certain work he used the axe freely, and then stabbed his victims with the knife. Having done this much he says he knocked his head against the wall, and made a bruise on his forehead and one on the side of his face, and then took his jack-knife from his pocket and cut his shirt and his breast, so that the story he had decided to tell, relative to his being assaulted by two men, might be believed. After this, in order to cover up the crime, he set fire to the beds, particulars of the finding of which by Mr. White, to whose house the murderer repaired and gave an alarm, appeared in the evidence on the trial.

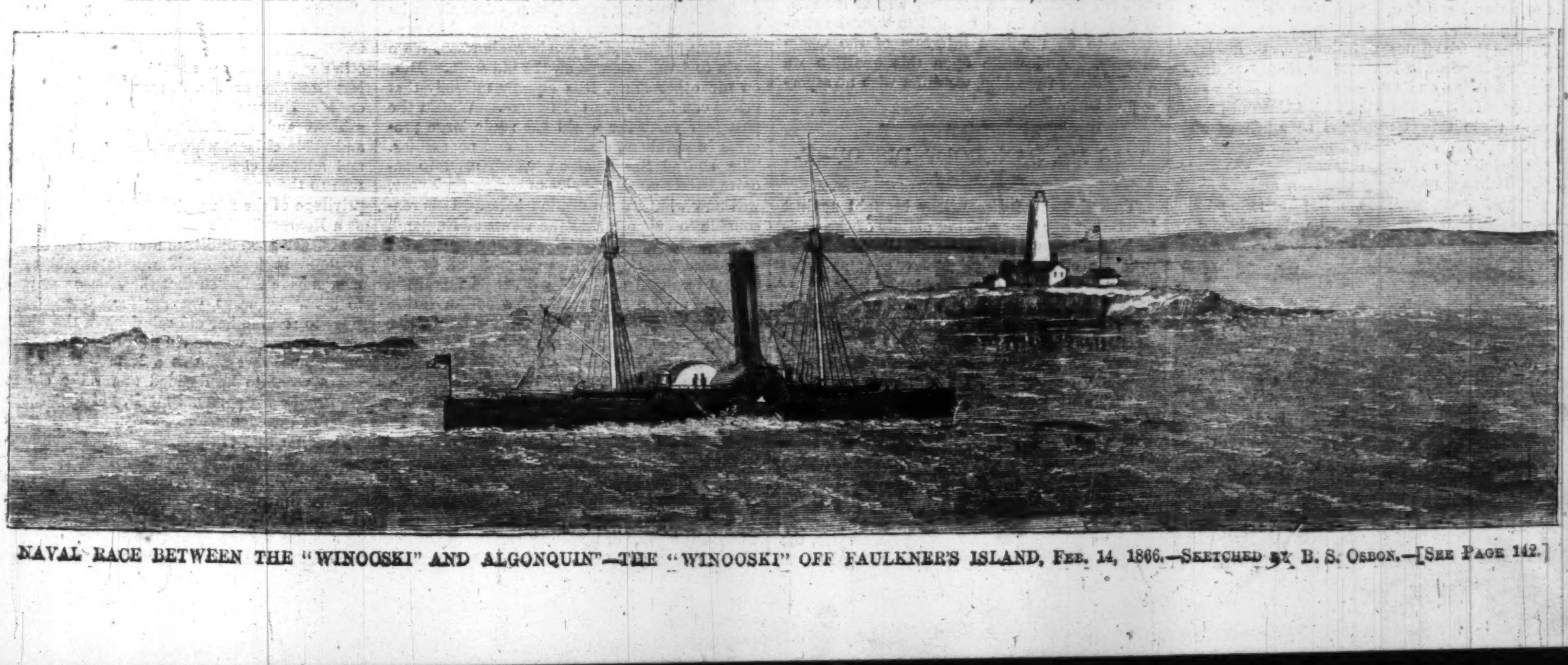
This is the story as given by the prisoner himself. His counsel put in the usual plea of insanity as the only defense; but the deliberation with which the crime was committed, and with which the attempt at concealment was made after the act, destroy the plausibility of such a supposition, for which the very enormity and unnaturalness of the crime might otherwise have elicited some degree of credence.



ALBERT L. STARKWEATHER, THE MATRICIDE.
[Photographed by S. H. Waite, Hartford, Ct.]



NAVAL RACE BETWEEN THE "WINOOSKI" AND "ALGONQUIN"—THE START, 3 p.m., February 13, 1866.—Sketched by B. S. Osbon.—[See Page 142.]



NAVAL RACE BETWEEN THE "WINOOSKI" AND ALGONQUIN"—THE "WINOOSKI" OFF FAULKNER'S ISLAND, Feb. 14, 1866.—Sketched by B. S. Osbon.—[See Page 142.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 3, 1866.

CUSTOM-HOUSE FRAUDS.

The Report of the Revenue Commission, which should be carefully pondered by every citizen, and whose admirable philosophy and simple and wise suggestions we have already commended, is fully sanctioned by the Secretary of the Treasury. There are some statements in it which are startling to every taxpayer. Thus the Commission affirms that in its judgment

> "the annual losses experienced by the Government through the frauds perpetrated in connection with the New York Custom-house range from twelve to twenty-five millions of dollars."

Now the revenue collected at this port during the last year was about $60,000,000, so that the loss by fraud amounts to from one-fifth to five-twelfths of the whole amount. The largest sum exceeds the entire estimate for the Naval Department for the coming year, and is about two-thirds of the sum asked either for the War Department or the Civil Service. The Commission add:

> "A very large part of these frauds arise from the undervaluation of invoices, coupled with the neglect and incompetence in the Department of Appraisers."

Here is a very distinct charge. The Appraisers' Department deals mainly with articles upon which an *ad valorem* duty is imposed. These are probably about one-third of the whole amount of duties; and if we estimate them at $20,000,000, the frauds perpetrated in and through this Department are fully equal to the entire sum collected. The Commissioners cite several instances of the "common, systematic, and shameless manner" in which these frauds are accomplished. Thus they inspected

> "two invoices received during the past few months from one of the leading and most respectable houses in one of the chief cities of Europe, one of which invoices *sworn to falsely* for the payment of duties was nearly 40 per cent. less in amount than the other which was transmitted for the private account of the importer."

The Champagne makers at Rheims have lately been exposed in this way, and the Commissioners mention half a score of invoices of Rhine wines, in none of which was the amount sworn to one-half of the real market value, and in some cases barely one-third.

The case of the *Sunday Magazine*, to which we have before called attention, is an instance in point. The English publisher of that periodical, we are informed, denies the truth of our statement that the Magazine was entered in our Custom-house at the sworn value of three farthings. Our English correspondent says: "Mr. Strahan assures me that this is untrue, and that the work is invoiced unbound at 2½ pence," that is, ten farthings. We must, however, repeat, upon the authority of the Commission, that the work was entered at our Custom-house at the sworn value of three farthings, less than one-third of the sum at which Mr. Strahan declares that it was invoiced, and, as we are prepared to show, not more than one-sixth of its true market value at the place of production. Certainly if any Custom-house appraiser passed this sworn invoice of three farthings he was either grossly dishonest or utterly incompetent; and in this case incompetency is hardly to be supposed, for the price at which the Magazine is sold is plainly printed on the cover. That price is seven-pence, or twenty-eight farthings; and if we deduct one quarter for the difference between the wholesale and retail price, we have twenty-one farthings instead of three as the true market value in London.

Probably the management of the New York Custom-house is no worse than it has been for years, and certainly there are gentlemen of the highest character and capacity in its various departments. But these enormous frauds are the natural result of the system of filling responsible and difficult offices by persons who have no special fitness or training for their work, and no interest in it whatever except to draw their salaries and to make hay while the sun shines. The honest men in the Custom-house wish these things reformed as much as any body can wish it. They know how outrageous the swindling is. But it is not enough to know it. It has been long proverbial, and we shall not hesitate to press the matter upon the public attention that something effectual may be done. A new Collector is to be appointed. If he be the right kind of man he will save the Government and the tax-payers millions of dollars. He will do this in three ways:

First—In being by character, experience, and capacity fully competent to manage such an institution.

Second—By displacing first the knaves and then the fools in the different departments.

Third—By sharply watching the invoices of representatives of many "respectable houses" in the chief cities of Europe.

The man who is fit to be Collector of New York will "feel satisfied," with the Revenue Commission, "that the necessity of reform in the manner of doing business in this institution was never more urgent than at present."

THE VETO MESSAGE.

The Senate did wisely in adjourning after the Veto Message was read. Legislation under such excitement is not likely to be dignified or sagacious. That the Message was a sore disappointment to the truest friends of the President can not be denied. Their regret may be measured by the rejoicing of those who would fain use him for their own purposes. Whether those friends are to be found among those who most earnestly advocated his election, or those who most strenuously opposed it, whether those who were in bloody rebellion at the South, and those who heartily supported them at the North are really the wisest advisers upon the great problem of reorganization, are questions which time will adequately answer.

Of the President's sincerity there is no doubt. That he honestly wishes, as he says, to secure to the Freedmen the full enjoyment of their liberty we fully believe. But he seems to us not entirely master of his own positions. Thus he acknowledges the usefulness of the Freedmen's Bureau as established by the act of last March. But he regards it as a war measure, and war having ceased, he is of opinion that the matter should be left to the States. Yet, if war has ceased, why does he support General Terry's military order reversing the action of the Virginia Legislature? So the President says that in his judgment the late rebel States "have been fully restored, and are to be deemed to be entitled to enjoy their constitutional rights as members of the Union." Yet if this be so, why in his late proclamation restoring the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* did he except the late rebel States? The Constitution defines the conditions under which the right of suspending the privilege may be exercised. It is only when in case of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it. Yet he expressly exhorts us in the Message not to suppose that the United States are in a condition of civil war.

The Freedmen's Bureau is exceptional, but it is so only because the condition of the country is exceptional. All the President's acts in initiating the reorganization of the late rebel States were exceptional. But the question of the hour is very simple in itself, however difficult it may be to answer. How can the United States most surely and judiciously and temperately secure the fruit of the victory they have won? Having given liberty to millions of slaves, how can the authority that conferred it maintain its perpetuity? To suppose that a coerced adoption of the Emancipation Amendment, without any specific method of enforcing it, will produce this result is as idle as to imagine that a declaratory resolution would effect it. The Constitution itself contains a guarantee of free speech for every citizen, but it did not secure it in half the country. Why should we expect of an amendment a virtue which does not inhere in the original instrument? The President says that a system for the support of indigent persons was never contemplated by the authors of the Constitution. Certainly not, and this bill is no more such a system than an appropriation for military hospitals would be. It is a simple necessity of the situation. Shall these homeless, landless, forlorn persons be left to the mercies of those who despise and hate them, or shall the United States say, "We cut the bonds that bound you to the ground, and we will protect you while you are struggling to get upon your feet?"

If the President believes that the word of the nation sacredly pledged to the freedmen will be kept by the black codes of South Carolina and Mississippi, his faith would remove mountains. And if he proposes to abandon the freedmen to civil authorities created exclusively by those who think that the colored race should be eternally enslaved, who deny the constitutionality of emancipation, and who have now a peculiarly envenomed hostility to the whole class, we can only pray God that the result may be what we have no doubt he honestly wishes it to be. We believe that he is faithful to what he conceives to be the best interests of the whole country. And while upon this question we wholly differ from him, we differ with no aspersion or suspicion.

WAS Mr. BANCROFT DISCOURTEOUS?

The charge of discourtesy brought against Mr. Bancroft for speaking plainly of the position of foreign powers during the war in the presence of their representatives seems to us very superfluous. Congress invited Mr. Bancroft to deliver a discourse in commemoration of Abraham Lincoln. To do it properly was to speak of the civil war of which the late President was a central figure; and it was certainly impossible to speak truly of the war without describing the unfriendly attitude of England and France. Sir Frederick Bruce probably remembered that it was his own chief, Lord Russell, who was responsible for the situation in which he found himself. For if the Foreign Minister of England did not hesitate to speak of the United States in its fierce struggle to save its government as fighting for empire, the English Minister in Washington surely has no reason to be offended if in a discourse commemorative of the Chief Magistrate during that struggle the fact was plainly mentioned.

Nor was it surprising that the orator should point the contrast between the American President and the British Prime Minister. They were the heads of the two chief constitutional countries in the world, and they died within a few months of each other. They were most striking and characteristic representatives of their countries and of their differing political and social systems, and the parallel drawn by the orator was entirely natural, appropriate, and instructive. It is simply impossible that the true story of Abraham Lincoln's life should be agreeable to the spirit that controlled British or French policy during the war, and Congress invited Mr. Bancroft to tell the truth. He did so with signal and memorable power and effect.

KING COTTON REDIVIVUS.

In a late Number of this journal it was stated that there was reason to expect that this year's cotton crop would not, under favorable circumstances, fall short of 3,000,000 bales, and might exceed that figure. Further reports from the South, received since that statement was made, go to confirm the views then expressed. Throughout the South, with the exception of a few localities mostly outside of the cotton States proper, land-owners are straining every nerve to plant a great breadth of cotton, the freedmen are hiring readily, and the general report is that every acre cultivated will be planted in cotton to the exclusion of food. It must be expected of course that a certain proportion of the crop will be lost through disputes between planters and freedmen. A certain number of the former will try to cheat their laborers, and a certain number of the latter will desert their employer in the hour of his need. But the best judges do not estimate that the loss from this source will reduce the crop below 3,000,000 bales—if the weather proves favorable.

Assuming that this year's crop marketed between 1st September, 1866, and 1st September, 1867, will amount to 3,000,000 bales, what would be a safe estimate for the crop of 1867? And at what figure would it be safe to estimate the average price of raw cotton, with a three million crop this year, from 1st September, 1866, to 1st September, 1867?

For the ten years ending in 1857, the cotton crop of the United States averaged about 3,000,000 bales, and the price averaged about 10 or 12 cents per pound for middling uplands. In 1849 the crop was less than 2,100,000 bales, and in 1855 it was over 3,500,000. At times the price fell as low as 6 cents per pound, and at other times rose as high as 16 cents for middling uplands. In 1858 cotton culture was stimulated by an increased demand, both abroad and at home, and the crop rose to 3,851,000 bales; in 1859 it further advanced to 4,660,000 bales; and of the crop of 1860, had it not been for the war, it is believed that fully 5,000,000 bales would have been sent to market. The price was then 12 @ 13 cents per pound for middling uplands.

All estimates of the probable crop for 1867 must depend on: *1st*. The willingness of the freedmen to labor; *2d*. The willingness of the planters to employ them; and, *3d*. The price of the staple when grown. No large crop can be made if planters and laborers do not work harmoniously together, and there will be no incentive to grow a large crop if the price of the staple be low. If, on the other hand, the price of cotton be high, planters will be tempted to offer laborers fair wages for fair work, and, according to the ordinary rules of human nature, laborers will be anxious to secure such wages. The "joint" of the question thus appears to be the price of cotton.

Middling uplands is now worth in this city 44 @ 45 cents per pound, nearly four times its value before the war. It seems natural to suppose that no such price can be maintained if we begin to produce crops on the old scale. But, on the other hand, it is equally unlikely that prices can fall to the old figures. Within the past four years the world has made large progress in numbers, civilization, and necessities. The United States alone, which used to require barely 700,000 bales of cotton each year, will now want over a million bales. It is reasonable to suppose that the wants of England, France, Germany, and Russia have increased in a corresponding proportion. This is proved in fact by the firmness of the cotton market in the face of a development of a cotton supply fully twice as large as was expected. Of the countries which, during our war, undertook to supply the world with cotton, Egypt alone succeeded to any extent, and the rapidly increasing consumption of cotton goods in the Levant and Southern Russia fully counterbalances this increased supply. India can never furnish any material amount of cotton to Europe. Nor can the West Indies or Central America until they are better furnished with labor than they now are, or have any present prospect of being. Should the price of middling uplands decline in New York to 25 @ 30 cents in gold, it is hardly likely that the competition of these countries would be felt, and there is reason to believe that spinners at home and abroad would, at such a price, take every bale that could be grown here until the product far exceeded the crop of 1860.

Now, in the old days of slavery, a planter was said to be on the high road to fortune, and was willing to pay $1200 for adult field hands when he could sell his middling cotton at 12 cents per pound. It is hardly necessary to demonstrate, even to the planters of South Carolina, that free labor is cheaper than slave labor. That is now universally admitted. If then a planter could grow rich by growing cotton at 12 cents per pound with slave labor, what will be the result when he can grow cotton at 25 cents per pound with free labor? Will it not follow, inevitably, that whatever objections the planters may at first entertain to hiring their old slaves, and whatever restiveness the freedmen may evince in renewing their relations with their old masters, both parties will eventually, in view of the obvious profit to be made by harmonious co-operation, agree to work together to grow cotton for the world? To assume that they would not, would be to deny the natural tendencies of human nature.

If the crop of 1866 should amount to 3,000,000 bales, worth on the average 25 cents a pound in gold, it would be safe, in the opinion of sound judges, to look for an increase of 33 per cent. in 1867—say a crop of 4,000,000 bales. There are those who, believing in the broad common-sense of the planters and of the sound instincts of the freedmen, predict that the crop of 1867 will in effect prove the largest ever made—over 5,000,000 bales. But it is best to assume nothing but what can be demonstrated as certain or highly probable. If we raise 3,000,000 bales this year—and the very men who persisted that the negroes would not work in a state of freedom, and that we should not grow a million bales a year for ten years to come, now pin their faith to this estimate—it is reasonable to believe that in 1867 the increase will be as much as is stated. And if in 1859 the world consumed a crop of nearly 5,000,000 bales @ 12 cents per pound, it is also reasonable to believe that in 1867–8, with an advance in all prices throughout the world, and a general increase of population and necessities, a crop of 4,000,000 bales would be consumed without a decline in price below 25 cents a pound.

If these anticipations are realized the United States will be able to export in the fiscal year 1867–8, 3,000,000 bales of cotton worth $100 a bale, say $300,000,000—very nearly enough to pay for all our importations from every part of the world; and the United States Government will realize from the tax of 5 cents a pound, which it is proposed to levy on cotton, not less than $80,000,000 a year—which, with the revenue from customs, stamps, whisky, and tobacco, ought to suffice for its wants.

A MISTAKE.

The House of Representatives plainly made a mistake in refusing Colonel Johnson, of Arkansas, the privilege of the floor, and we speak of the circumstance now because the error may be repeated if it is not exposed. The House has properly, indeed, intrusted to a Committee the investigation of the question upon what terms certain States may resume their relations in the Union, and until that Committee reports the House is honorably bound to take no serious action upon any vital point involved. There is no doubt that the resolution to admit Colonel Johnson to the floor was intended to feel the temper of the House, with a view to calling upon it for a snap judgment upon the question already referred to the Committee, and it was undoubtedly a natural indignation with such an effort that induced many members to vote against granting the privilege of the floor.

Yet we are very sure that there was not a single member who so voted who had not as hearty a feeling of admiration and respect for Colonel Johnson as any of those who voted the other way; and we should have been glad if Mr. Stevens or Mr. Julian or Mr. Kelley or Mr. Bingham or Mr. Eliot had plainly said so, and, as a mark of honor to a brave and noble citizen, who, under peculiarly trying and adverse circumstances, had been steadily true to the country, had voted to give him the privilege of the floor. That he had credentials as a Representative in his pocket was the proof that other good and true men would have been honored in honoring him. It would by no means have followed that the House was ready to allow Arkansas, without further consideration, to resume her old relations in the Union. The vote would have shown that while his unconditional reception as a Representative was not a point to be decided under the circumstances by his personal merit, yet that the respect of the House for him and his conduct, as well as for that of those who had elected him a Representative, was cordial and profound.

Meanwhile we have no fear that the moral will be drawn by the Union men of Arkansas which has been dolefully set forth. Men tried in the fire for the Union understand perfectly well that the delay in the admission to his seat of a man like Colonel Johnson is due to a wise and natural care that the Union for which he and his Arkansas companions fought shall be secured as far as possible against the peril which still threatens it. They will not see in the caution of Congress a proof that they have gained nothing by fidelity to the Union. On the contrary, they will see in the delay, with the Union men of Tennessee, only a little more sacrifice to make sure of the perfect triumph of their cause.

We should be glad to see the House reconsider its refusal, and express the respect it unquestionably feels, by admitting Colonel Johnson to the privilege of the floor.

NEWSPAPER MANNERS.

In a letter to a friend at the time George Canning was made Prime Minister of England, old Lord Eldon wrote: "The whole conversation in this town is made up of bitterly abusive talk of people about each other—all fire and flame. I have known nothing like it." Lord Eldon was an arch-Tory, and he spoke of the mutual crimination of Tories and Whigs. But fierce as party quarrels were, he does not record that Whigs maligned each other, or that Tories abused Tories.

The necessity of harmonious party action to secure desirable results in a free country is indisputable. To that end a certain courtesy between those of the same party, who may differ as to points of policy, is indispensable. Forgetfulness of this fact is a blunder of which we are surprised to see even veteran journalists and politicians guilty. Yet the conduct of many of the Union orators and journalists toward some of their party allies would have amazed even tough old Eldon. Certainly the New York *Tribune* helped neither its cause nor its own influence and character when it spoke of an editor of a journal of its own party as "a little villain," and cried to another, "You lie, you villain!" In like manner Mr. Stevens's late speech bristled with stinging sarcasms of the President, whose good faith even Mr. Stevens could not question, and whose co-operation with the dominant party of the country certainly can not be wisely repelled.

But this want of sagacity and good manners is not confined to what is called the radical wing of the Union party. Thus the New York *Times* can not repress a tone of reckless contempt in speaking of its party friends from whom upon some points it differs. It is fond of calling Mr. Wendell Phillips, for instance, "a common scold;" but is it not the most common and vulgar scolding to speak of faithful Union men whose views of justice and good policy differ from its own as the "selfish patrons" of the negro, "the negro communion," and "the amalgamationists." We expect to find such absurd epithets in the New York *News* or *World*, whose personal abuse of President Johnson a few months since made the old *Aurora's* abuse of Washington seem tame and dull. But why should a Union paper descend to such slime?

The *Times* speaks of the colored people of this country, whose condition and conduct certainly merit something better than sneers from every faithful American, as a class "which not only hold themselves to be the saviours of the nation, but who find a powerful faction both in and out of Congress clamorously asserting these preposterous claims on their behalf." If the *Times* concedes that disloyal ignorance shall vote, why is it preposterous to suggest that loyal ignorance might vote also? It describes those who do not adopt its own views of policy as "revolutionists in Congress who threaten the Executive with impeachment unless he bends before their decrees." When and by whom was this threat made? It sneers at the same persons as "those who desire to use the negro for party ends." Those who would do this are of course those who love party supremacy more than justice or equal rights. But if the point should be pressed, which wing of the Union party would probably be found guilty of the charge? The *Times* was doubtless disgusted when Mr. Stevens was, but as it proved wrongly, reported in the warmth of debate to have called the President "the pundit at the other end of the avenue." It undoubtedly held Mr. Sumner guilty both of impolicy and bad taste when he spoke of the President as sending a "whitewashing" message to Congress. But how does it suppose its own readers are affected when it deliberately describes the Speaker of the Assembly of New York as "bucking and gagging," and sneers at him as "his High Mightiness" and "His Loftiness?" If this strain when indulged by an orator with wit and point makes him "a common scold," what does it make of a newspaper-writer who uses it without either?

All such recrimination is of questionable service against an adversary, but among party allies it is worse than foolish, for it produces an exasperation which imperils the common objects of the party. Differences there must be, but why insist upon aggravating them into fatal quarrels; and why, when differences are to be expressed and argued within a party, should the expression not be such as prevails among well-bred persons? Differences there must be, but Time will work wonders if every body keeps his temper. It is easy to call those who differ from us knaves; but it is hard to expect them to continue to regard us as friends.

BOUNTIES.

A large meeting of soldiers, sailors, and marines was lately held in front of Independence Hall in Philadelphia to urge the equalization of bounties, and a general movement will undoubtedly be made to this result which will be felt in the elections. In speaking of the estimate of the Paymaster-General that the sum necessary for this purpose would be not less than $550,000,000, we said that the question might be considered settled, because, as we supposed, the soldiers themselves, who had proved their devotion to the country, would not insist upon adding more than half a thousand million more to the national debt, however honorable their claim might be. We said that we must be just before we are generous, meaning that we must pay the debts we have honestly and distinctly contracted before we assume or create others. Of course we are not saying that the man who volunteered early and served long and honorably is less deserving than any other; but only that the terms of his service were distinctly defined, were accepted by him, and have not been repudiated by any party. And we say so much in explanation to "a reader"—a soldier who writes us forcibly from Ohio.

He is of opinion that the case, as presented by the soldiers, is not understood, and he states it as follows:

"From the day of the first call of 75,000 men up to the 6th day of August, 1861, the pay of a private soldier was $11 pay proper and $2 50 clothing allowance per month; bounty, $100. From August 6, 1861, to May 1, 1864, pay proper $13 and clothing allowance $3 50 per month. From August 6, 1861, to June 25, 1863, bounty remained at $100, to receive which a soldier must serve at least two years and be honorably discharged, or be discharged for wounds received in battle. On June 25, 1863, $400 bounty was promised and given to *Veterans;* October 24, 1863, $300 bounty was promised and given to recruits for new organizations; and on December 24, 1863, $300 bounty was promised and given to recruits for both old and new organizations. These bounties continued up to the 31st day of March, 1864, when the so-called commutation bounty ceased altogether, and only the $100, under act of July 22, 1861, was paid. This up to July 18, 1864, when, as per act of Congress of the 4th of the same month, $100 bounty for one year's service, $200 for two years' service, and $300 for three years' service was promised and paid, one-third to be paid in advance. These latter bounties continued up to the day all bounties ceased. From May 1, 1864, pay proper and clothing allowance remained respectively $16 and $3 50 per month until March 3, 1865, when clothing allowance was increased to $8 38 per month for first year's service, $5 21 for two years' service, and $7 24 for three years' service, and remains the same to-day.

"To illustrate more fully what we demand let us take three examples: *First*—A. B. enlists July 6, 1861, for three years, is discharged June 6, 1863, for disability incurred in service, in line of duty, after a service of twenty-three months; without particularizing, I will say his payments amount to $376 50. *Second*—C. D. enlists October 24, 1863, in same Company for same length of term; serves same length of time, and is discharged for same reason, after a service of twenty-three months. He receives $658 35, of which $195 is bounty. *Third*—E. F. enlists August 1, 1864, for three years, gets $100 bounty *advanced* to him. The third day after his enlistment he gets injured, and is discharged. He receives two days' pay and $100 bounty, for which the man who enlisted in 1861 has to *fight two years or get discharged for wounds received in battle*. And C. D. gets nearly twice as much as A. B. for the same service. Now understand me, Mr. Editor, that these examples are not exceptional or impossible, but have thousands of parallels. The same rule would of course show a *greater* difference if the whole term were served. When is taken into account the large local bounty received by the late soldier, what was paid to the early soldier will bear no comparison.

"The Paymaster-General says it will take $550,000,000 to pay this demand. His calculations are based upon the assumption that enough to make up $400 Government bounty to each man is claimed. This is erroneous. The $400 was paid to veterans only, and no soldier who went into the service as a recruit claims that his arm was worth as much to the Government as that of a veteran who needed little or no instruction; $200, to which is added the $100 already received, is all that is asked. Thus, $200 being all that is required, the figures will be reduced nearly one-half. A little more than one-half will be required to make up the payments to those who have received no bounty at all—being discharged for disability before having served two years. A great many of those who have never received bounty have forfeited their right by desertion, crime, etc. This will be a still further reduction. In this connection I would ask, is not the soldier who is discharged for disability incurred in service in line of duty as much entitled to the full payment of his bounty as he who was discharged for wounds received in battle?

"I admit the difference in the condition of the Treasury now as compared with 1861, yet who does not believe the country is to-day stronger and better off than then? If this money was to be taken out of the country the case would be altogether different, but it is to be paid to *our own soldiers*, and used at home.

"If Congress would recognize these claims, and pay them, say, part in land and part in a bond or money, the only reasonable argument against them I have yet heard becomes beautifully less. This course would, in addition to strengthening the tie between the old soldier and our Government—it would, I say, prove a positive benefit to the country at large, for it would result in the settlement of thousands of *good, stanch*, sound men among our fire-eaters in the South and West, and they would exert a wholesome influence in keeping certain evil-disposed persons in a correct path. Thousands of acres of the country's mineral and agricultural land would thus be developed, and would, in a comparatively short time, return to the Government every dollar thus expended by an increased tax and revenue."

LITERARY.

"The War of the Rebellion; or, Scylla and Charybdis," by Henry S. Foote. (Harper & Brothers.) This book disarms criticism. What can be said of the political speculations of a gentleman who thinks that Millard Fillmore was a great statesman, whose election in 1856 would have spared us the civil war, and while he censures Mr. Buchanan for saying that he could not coerce rebels, applauds Mr. Fillmore for saying at Albany, in 1856, when he was himself a candidate, that of course the friends of slavery would not submit to the constitutional election of Fremont? Mr. Foote has been long in public life. At one time he obtained an unenviable nickname, of which he speaks frankly, explaining the circumstances, so that every reader will regret if he has ever given it currency. A colleague of Jefferson Davis in the Senate of the United States, and subsequently Governor of Mississippi, Mr. Foote was an earnest advocate of the Compromises of 1850. He was afterward an "American" in politics and a resident of California. Again he is a citizen of Tennessee, pleading against the election of Breckinridge in 1860, and vigorously "saving the Union" according to the gospel of Castle Garden. In 1862 he appeared in Richmond as a rebel representative from Tennessee, but if there had been no heartier rebels than he the rebellion would have died of atrophy in a month. He went to the rebel Congress to be in the way of aiding an adjustment at the first opportunity; and when all hope had fled, and he saw the Richmond authorities bent upon an insane defiance to the last, he undertook alone the task of pacification, and with romantic resolution. But the tempest was beyond the offices of sweet-oil, and he withdrew quietly to Europe. Returning after the final surrender, he has written a book which can not be read without interest and with a peculiar kindliness for the author. Evidently amiable, courteous, and gentle; a sentimentalist and a patriot, he has been brought often into intimate relations with the most eminent of our public men of the last generation, and has borne a part in important public measures. But he never suspects that morals have any possible connection with politics, and therefore he supposes that a little adroit compromising would make fire and powder the happiest union conceivable. That the Union could not endure half slave and half free seems to him a sentiment little short of blasphemous. He sees that it had so endured for eighty years, but does not perceive that during that time it was really hastening to the catastrophe. Mr. Foote belongs to that large school of politicians who make the mistake of those political economists who regard man merely as a machine. But man is a machine *plus* a soul; and the soul is the uncertain quantity in politics as it is in economy. Mr. Foote has an overpowering admiration for Daniel Webster. But the Webster of Plymouth Rock in 1821, and of Niblo's Garden in 1837, and the Webster of the 7th March, 1850, in Washington, are two different men. The first acknowledged, the second denied the irresistible force of moral conviction in politics. In Mr. Foote's opinion the war might have been avoided by some kind of compromise; and, utterly unable to understand that men should not prefer peace at any price to war, and recognizing no principle or progress in the late struggle, he adjusts himself at the end of the book, like Marius among the ruins, and exclaims, "Oh, my country!" and "O tempora, O mores!"

The glimpses which the author gives us of the terrorism of the rebellion, and its utter defiance and contempt of its own dogma of State rights and sovereignty, are vivid and instructive. One of its most unscrupulous despots was the Seddon of Virginia, who figured as the most truculent Southern member of the Peace Convention of February, 1861, and was the rebel Minister of War and tool of Davis. We should be glad to have from Mr. Foote a more copious history of the social and inner aspects of the rebellion, and he half promises such a work should the present command attention. It is quite sure to do that, and to win for its author, from every sympathetic reader, the praise of a sincere, if mistaken, sense of duty.

"A Noble Life," by Miss Mulock, also issued by the Harpers, is one of the sweetest and saddest of stories. It is doubtless substantially a true tale: the life of a young Scotchman, the last Earl of Cairnforth. The scene is in the far north of Scotland, upon a bonny loch, shifting briefly to Edinburgh; and there runs through the whole story the tragical sadness which is the undertone of Scotch poetry and tradition. A dwarf and life-long cripple and sufferer, with the clearest perception of all the happiness of love and companionship which he can never know; thoughtful, simple, and generous, he devotes his whole life and fortune to the welfare of others, conscious always with an inexpressibly tender solemnity that the proud name of an honored and traditional line ends in him. There are one or two passages of exquisite delicacy, as when the Earl asks Helen Cardross whether her son, to whom his whole fortune is to descend, shall lose his reprobate father's name. As an invention the story would be too sad: as a biography it is of the utmost interest and beauty.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 13:

In the Senate, Mr. Fessenden reported a Constitutional Amendment, providing that Congress shall have the power to make all laws necessary and proper to secure to the citizens of each State the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States, and to all persons of the several States equal protection in the rights of life, liberty, and property.—Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, again recommended his amendment providing that there shall be no withdrawal of the franchise in any State on account of color. He thought that citizenship should be denied to rebels.

In the House, Mr. Whaley submitted resolutions supporting the Monroe doctrine, and advocating an alliance between all the American republics. Previous question being called, the House, by a vote of 13 to 95, refused to second it.—Upon the question of laying on the table a resolution for the admission of Colonel Johnson from Arkansas, the vote stood 78 to 70, about 41 Unionists voting in the negative.—The Committee on Elections reported in favor of Mr. Trowbridge for the contested Michigan seat, and against Mr. Baldwin.

February 14:

In the Senate, the Constitutional Amendment debate was continued.

In the House, Mr. Trowbridge, of Michigan, was confirmed in his seat.

February 15:

In the Senate, there was further debate on the Constitutional Amendment.

In the House, no business of importance was transacted.

February 16:

In the Senate, a bill to prevent the perversion of the mails to fraudulent and illegal purposes was referred. Debate on the Amendment continued.

In the House, the resolution to purchase 1000 copies of the Memorial Record, together with the Address of Mr. Bancroft, was adopted.

February 17:

The Senate not in session.

In the House, speeches were delivered on reconstruction by Messrs. Cook, Lawrence, and M'Cullom.

February 19:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a joint resolution to disband the military forces of the lately rebellious States, and to forbid their reorganization.—There was considerable debate on the Constitutional Amendment, and upon its conclusion the President's Message vetoing the Freedmen's Bureau bill was read. There was considerable excitement in the Senate, but it was finally determined to postpone the reconsideration of the bill till the next day.

In the House, by a vote of 102 to 36, the following resolution was adopted: "That in the language of the proclamation of the President, of May 29, 1865, the rebellion, 'which was waged by a portion of the people of the United States against the properly constituted authorities of the Government thereof in the most violent and revolting form, but whose armed and organized forces have now been almost entirely overcome,' has in the revolutionary progress deprived the people of the States in which it was organized of all civil government."—A resolution was also adopted, 117 to 29, that the President ought to maintain the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in the Southern States.—Also, by a vote of 134 to 8, the following resolution: "That it is the deliberate sense of this House that the condition of the rebel States fully justifies the President in maintaining military possession and control therein, and that the President is entitled to the thanks of the nation for employing the war-power for the protection of the Union citizens and the freedmen in those States."

THE HEALTH BILL.

The Health Bill has now good hope of success. The Assembly and the Senate having each passed a bill of its own, one of them (the Senate) specifying the Commissioners to be appointed, and the other leaving the appointments to the Governor, a Committee of Conference has been appointed, and the differences have been settled. The bill reported by the Committee takes in the four Police Commissioners, the Health Officer of the port, and four members (three to be physicians) to be named by the Governor. So it appears that, instead of a complete commission to be made by the Governor, the majority (four Police Commissioners and the Health Officer) are, after all, made by the bill, leaving only the minority to be appointed. This bill the Senate has passed, 23 to 22.

SUPPRESSION OF THE RICHMOND "EXAMINER."

The Richmond *Examiner* was suppressed by General Terry February 14. The cause of this act is the conduct of the journal in attempting to perpetuate ill-feeling between the late rebels and loyal people. Mr. Pollard, the editor, came to Washington to get the order revoked. General Grant replied thus:

"The course of the *Examiner* in every number which I have seen has been such as to foster and increase the ill-feeling toward the Government of the United States by the discontented portion of the Southern people. I believe it to be for the best interests of the whole people, North and South, to suppress such utterances wherever the power exists to do so. The power certainly does exist when martial law prevails, and will be exercised. Reluctant as I was to pursue this course, I have felt it my duty to pursue it in this instance; and as much as I dislike to interfere with the interests of individuals, I would deem it improper and mischievous in tendency to revoke the order for the suppression of the Richmond *Examiner* at this time."

Mr. Pollard then went to the President, and upon his pledge that he would hereafter sustain the Government and the Union, was allowed to resume the publication of his journal.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Union State Convention of Connecticut on the 14th of February nominated General J. R. Howley for Governor.

Fifteen miles below Franklin, in Western Pennsylvania, an oil well was accidentally set on fire a few days since, the flame at first being small, but defying all attempts to extinguish it. It soon increased in volume, and at last accounts presented a most wonderful appearance, shooting up from sixty to a hundred feet, and lighting the country for many miles. The ground had become heated for several hundred feet, starting vegetation into the greenness of spring. The light is seen at Franklin and points much further distant.

It appears by the records in the Treasury Department that the revenue received from the lately rebellious States from April, 1865, to the first day of February, amounts to nearly $29,000,000, principally derived from abandoned lands and internal revenue. Louisiana has paid over $8,000,000 of this, while from Virginia less than $1,000,000 has been received.

It is estimated that the entire income of the National Treasury for the fiscal year ending 1866 will be equivalent to about $572,000,000; the internal revenue amounting to $324,606,040, and the customs revenue (on the currency basis) to $247,500,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

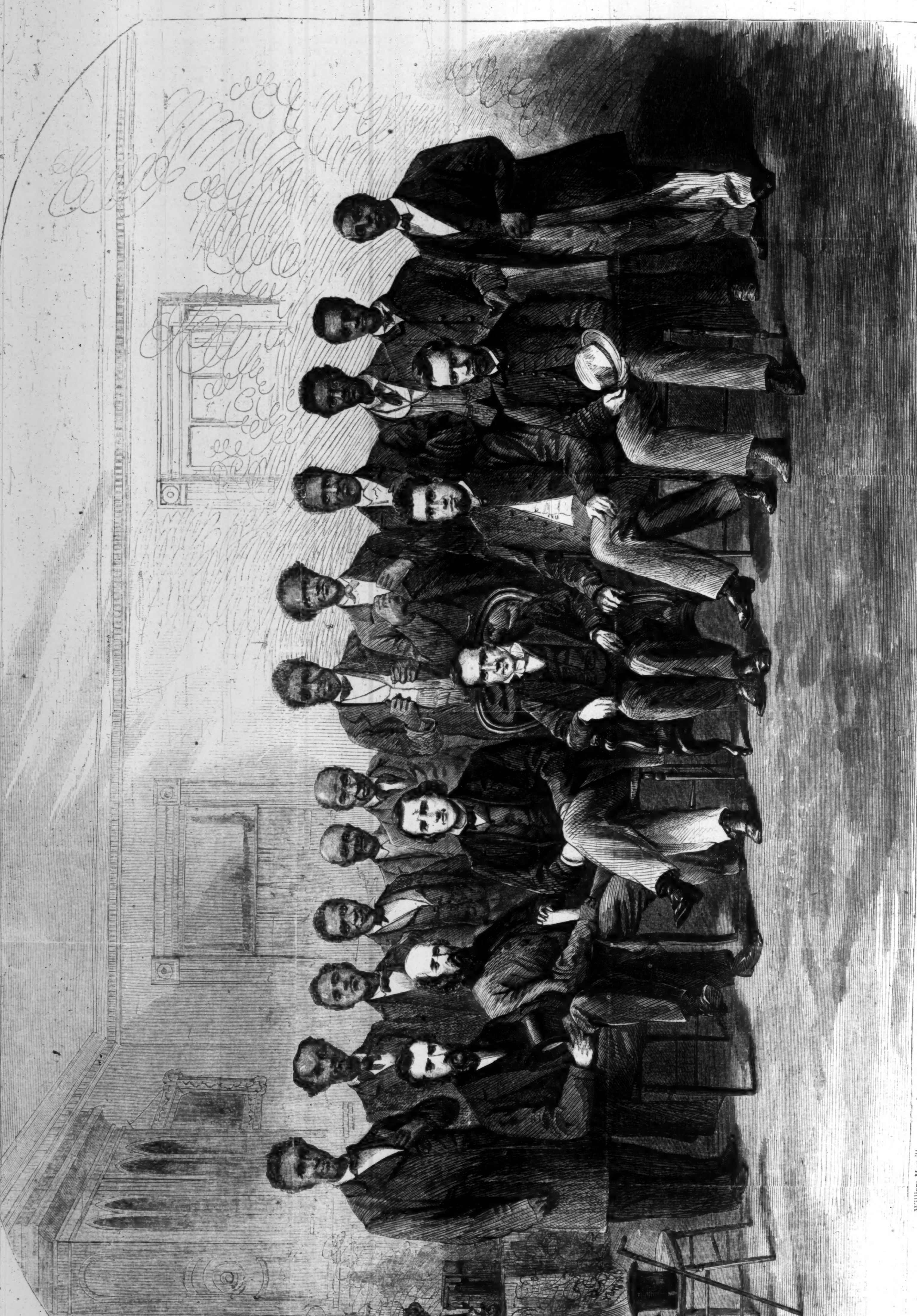
The diplomatic correspondence between Druyn de Lhuys and Count Montholon is somewhat more explicit than the Emperor's late speech. The Emperor stated that the French troops would be withdrawn as soon as the interests had been established which France had to defend in Mexico. But in answer to the question, What interests are included among those which France feels bound to defend? there is nothing satisfactory in the imperial manifesto. Druyn de Lhuys is more particular. His instructions to Montholon in his letters of December 26, and January 9 and 25, when summed up, amount to this: Our Mexican expedition had for its purpose the satisfaction of certain claims held by French citizens, and not the establishment of any particular form of government rather than another. We found that our interests could not be permanently secured unless a stable government were established. We found a strong sentiment in favor of a monarchy and supported that sentiment. We submitted the entire question of government to Mexican citizens, and Maximilian was sustained by a majority. Our only purpose in regard to the Government of Mexico was to help it to become secure and independent. We have no responsibility for Maximilian's acts; we have no exclusive interest in his government. We shall withdraw our army as soon as we can do so, and satisfy our interests and our dignity.—Such is the position of France toward Mexico. The Emperor is pledged by treaty to keep in Mexico 25,000 French soldiers, and that these shall be gradually withdrawn only in the ratio of Maximilian's ability to organize native troops to replace them. Even after the withdrawal of the 25,000 French soldiers the foreign legion, according to precise stipulation between the Emperor and Maximilian, is to remain in Mexico for six years longer.

It is said that the proposed address of the French Senate in reply to the Emperor's speech repudiates the idea that the French troops are to be withdrawn from Mexico under American menaces.

Advices from the city of Mexico report important successes of the Imperial forces. The Liberal Generals Munoz and Alatorre have surrendered the city of Papantla, which is about 150 miles northwest of Vera Cruz. The Liberals have also been driven out of Michoacan. At Mazatlan and Sinaloa the Liberals were so strongly posted among the mountain fortresses as to resist all the attempts of the French to drive them out.

Queen Victoria opened Parliament on 6th February. The speech expresses satisfaction at the successful termination of the American war and the abolition of slavery, and says that the correspondence relative to the rebel cruisers will be laid before Parliament.

The cattle-plague returns for the week ending January 27 show the number attacked to be nearly 12,000, against 10,000 the previous week.



William Murrill. J. M. Bryant. Emperor Williams. S. M. Small. Henry Green. J. Goodwyn. Hardy Ryan. A. Ross. Scott Chinn. David Ennis. Samuel Osborne. Thomas Kennedy.
H. G. Jackson. R. H. Diossy. J. P. Newman. Bishop Thomson. N. L. Brakeman. W. M. Henry.

THE MISSISSIPPI MISSION CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. LILIENTHAL, NEW ORLEANS.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

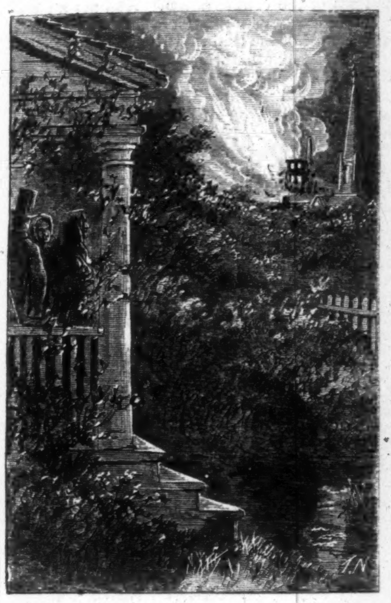
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



THE NIGHTLY CONFLAGRATION.

CHAPTER VIII.

The current of events presses more and more powerfully upon us as we near the roaring, foaming vortex of Secession. Let us resist it for a moment longer; for even in the waters, comparatively calm and smooth, just outside that vortex, there is a quickening and a current toward that fatal circle, and toward that circle's fatal centre, and all its disastrous result among the black rocks and the surging waters.

Months, and even years, had passed over the young minister at his work there in Somerville. His charge has increased wonderfully from the little seed of its organization. It is no longer an experiment, but a regularly established church and congregation, having a strong family likeness to churches of the same denomination the land over. The old Major gazing down upon his family had heard Know Nothingism wondered over as the last new thing under the sun. He had heard his daughter Alice say one night to the young minister, lifting her eyes from her slate after having satisfactorily reached the Q.E.D. of her proposition—she was getting fast toward the end of her schooling now—"Mr. Arthur, what is Know Nothingism?"

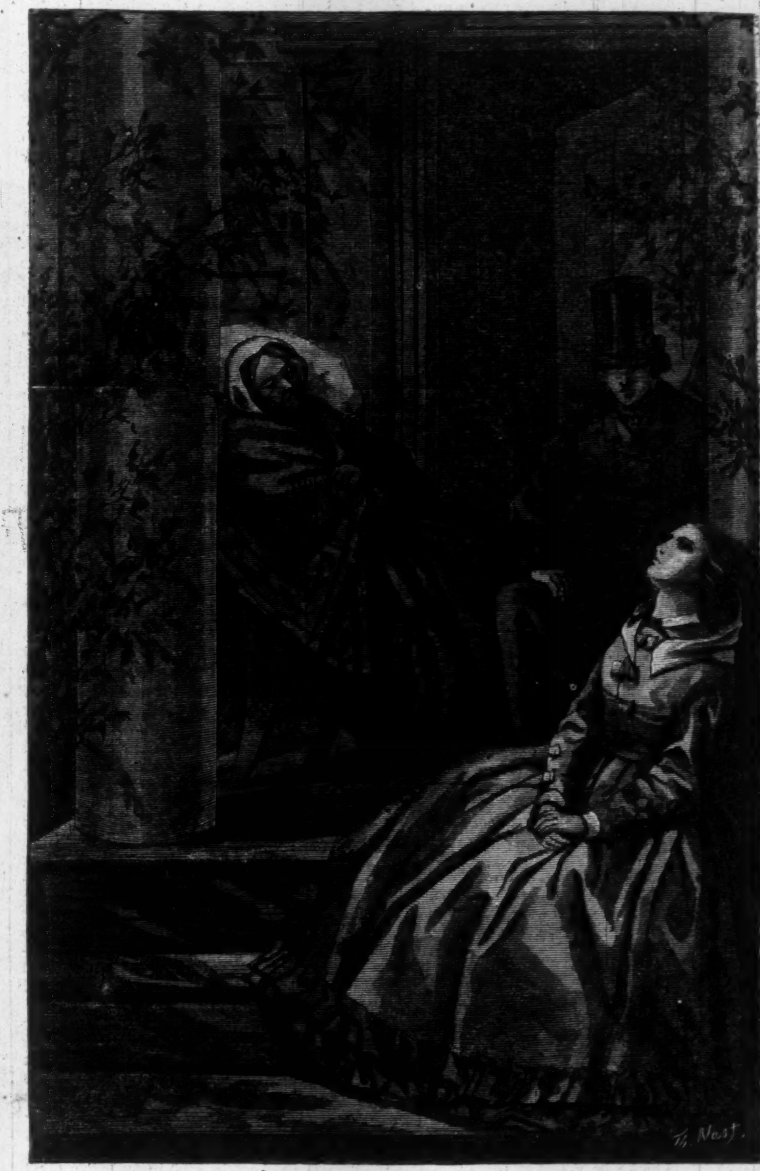
"I know nothing about it, Miss Alice."

"Oh pshaw!" Miss Alice has said; and is engaged in making a rapid but not flattering sketch upon her slate of her music-master as he appears at the piano.

"What an expression, Alice!" says Mrs. Bowles, looking up from her sewing. Her eyes are not as strong as they might be, as they were years ago when the Major overhead first surrendered to them; but Rutledge Bowles must have his shirts. Rutledge Bowles has left college now—not graduated exactly, but left it. More than once had he consented to waive the past and return to Columbia from Charleston, in the earnest hope that the College Faculty had come to their senses. The last time, however, it was too much, really too much—their course—for him to endure. In company with the other students he again withdrew as to *Mons Sacer;* but this time he could descend no more—could not even entertain such a proposition.

In fact there is, just now, no college at Columbia to descend to. For the time, Student-Secession has killed it. Rutledge Bowles is now in the law office, at Charleston, of one of his father's old friends. That is, he is occasionally in it. What with cigars and wine-parties, games at billiards and the like, he really has but little leisure for the office. Besides, politics must be attended to. Being in Charleston, the *Mercury* and the *Courier* must be read, at least glanced over, after breakfast, and an hour or two spent in discussing with the nearest friend the last points of the case. As Rutledge Bowles retires rather late of a night, and rises rather late of a morning, when he has done with the papers and the conversation thereupon after breakfast, it is altogether useless to go to the office that day at least.

Not that he has no purpose in life. Rutledge Bowles has plenty of talent, undisciplined as it is, and superabundance of fire to warm it. He has a purpose before him in life—a purpose to which he would gladly give all his energies. If he could only get to stand upon the floor in Congress, make one good, full speech containing all he would like to say against the North; see the Abolition Members writhe in their seats beneath it, and then have it printed and circulated over South Carolina and the rest of the South, a copy carefully mailed to his mother, he could be content to die, naturally or in any duel which might turn up. Rutledge Bowles has his ideal of human glory, too. Let him have justice done him. Congressman Brooks is the idol of the hour in his latitude—but not with him.



A NIGHT ON THE PORCH.

"No, gentlemen," he has said in his knot of friends, "you must permit me to differ from you. I perfectly agree in all you say or can say about that most contemptible fellow, Sumner. But Brooks was wrong to cane him. With all respect for Brooks, the club is not the weapon of a gentleman. Under no circumstances is cudgeling a gentlemanly deed. My idea is simply this: Calhoun would not have done it! If the fellow was a gentleman, call him out. If he is not a gentleman, be unaware of his existence."

But his friends can not agree with him for an instant. He does not know it; but it is the old Major, his grand old father, speaks out in him. And it is amazing in Rutledge Bowles. Not only the young approve the cudgeling; even white-headed men, members of the church, officers of churches, even venerable pastors, think, "under all the circumstances," that Brooks was right. They regret he was compelled to do such a thing in just such a place; but, as it was, he was right, Christ and all his apostles to the contrary notwithstanding. No; Calhoun is Rutledge Bowles's ideal of earthly glory. Not exactly Calhoun the hard student in his youth; nor Calhoun the cold dialectician; nor Calhoun the spotless husband and father; nor Calhoun the irreproachable gentleman only—but Calhoun the scourge of the North. More than once has Rutledge Bowles, strolling along the street there in Charleston, thrown down his freshly-lighted cigar at the door of the public edifice wherein it is enshrined, and gone in yet once more to have another good look at Powers's statue of the old Roman. And Calhoun is an awful presence, standing there in a marble coldness which harmonizes with his character. Only lava cold from Vesuvius could have been better and more significant material. There he stands, his outstretched arm shattered to the shoulder by raging waters and foundering ship. Did Rutledge Bowles read no omen in this of another tempest, another foundering bark, shattering in the future more than that?

"I am astonished at you, Alice," said Mrs. Bowles. "Mr. Arthur tells you he knows nothing of the matter about which you ask him, and you say, Oh pshaw!"

"Yes; but, ma, the girls all say that is just what all their brothers and fathers say when they ask them—and they members of the Order all the time. That is the way it came by its queer name," said Alice, giving unnecessary length on her slate to the fingers of her music-master's widely-extended arms.

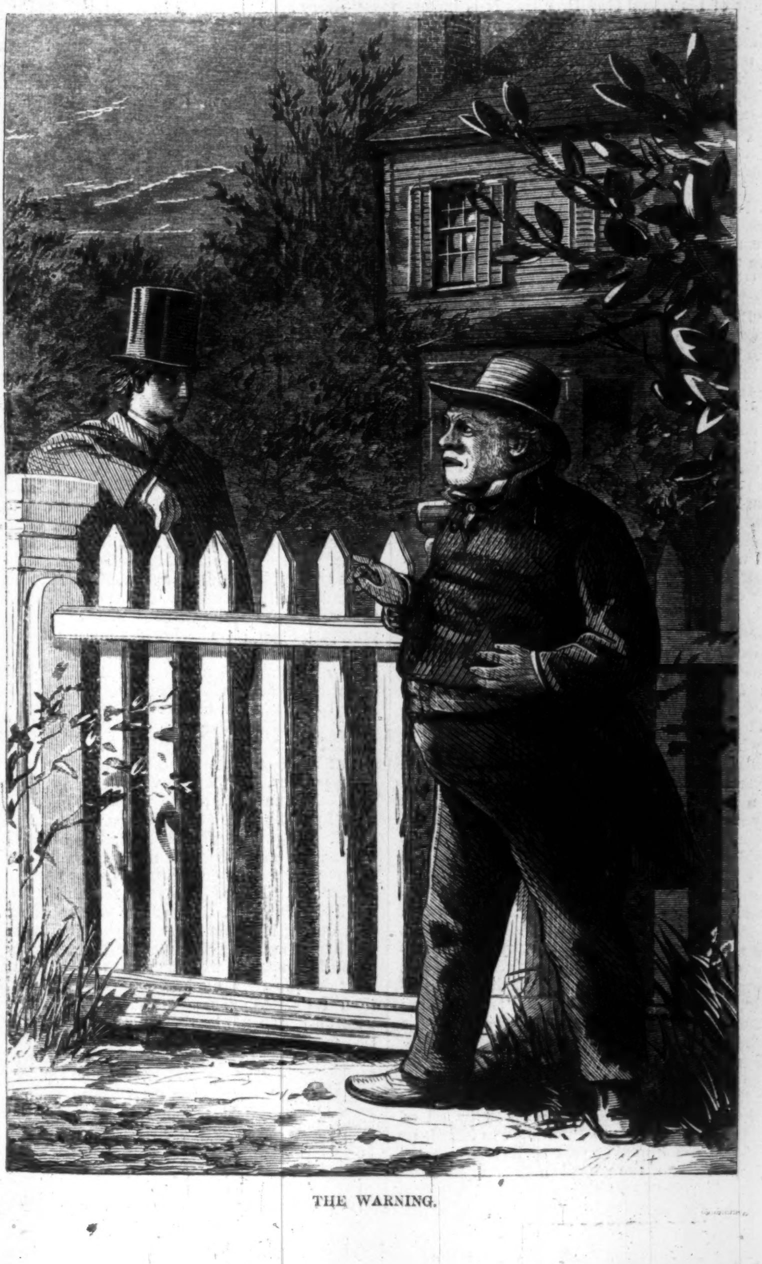
"You are right, Miss Alice," the minister replies. "But I am in earnest. And, what is more, I never intend to know any thing more of this new party than I do now."

He was in earnest when he said it; yet we saw how he afterward fell from this his high estate. And it is almost a positive satisfaction to know that he did err herein. The weaknesses of these ministers are so often internal and undiscovered by the world around, that this error of the Rev. Edward Arthur will help the reader to believe the assurances of the writer of these pages that he was by no means an angel. On the contrary, a man, and a very imperfect one at that.

Yes; Know Nothingism had come and had gone, accomplishing its specific something for God in the land, certainly in this individual. It had been entombed beneath editorials, pamphlets, speeches, as beneath autumnal leaves which had once been so fresh and flourishing. People had subsided somewhat into merely youths and maidens, husbands and mothers, when suddenly they are brought back to their condition of citizens with a shock. Lo another excitement begins, literally, to redden the horizon!

It had amazed Mr. Neely very much—Mr. Neely was from New Hampshire, and taught school in Somerville—when he first arrived in the South, not to find the negroes working in irons all day and carefully locked up all night. Why they were not in a condition of incessant and universal insurrection had been a puzzle to him, and multitudes with him there, before he left the North. Mr. Neely had often read items in the papers before he left the North, and he met with them in the papers of the South after settling in Somerville, to the effect that the blacks in such a county and in such a State had been discovered to be in a conspiracy to rise on a certain fixed day, murder all the whites, plunder and burn all the houses, and—who knows or had any idea of what they *would* do next? It was a thing in which Mr. Neely took the liveliest, deepest, most nervous interest; yet, for the life of him, he could never get the exact facts of any such case. Every few months he would read of some such conspiracy being discovered, now in this county, now in that, in the State in which he had settled. Oftener still he would hear accounts, to the same effect, of which the papers made no mention. It was always the same story—a conspiracy existing, embracing it was not known how many negroes; a discovery thereof just before the day it was to break out; certain white men mysteriously involved therein; a dozen or two of the negroes hung in company with one or more white men.

Always exaggerated, the facts were in some cases substantially so. Yet Mr. Neely could not understand the matter for his soul. Who were the white men? What was their motive in exciting the negroes to insurrection? Was it hope of plunder? Was it revenge of private grudge against certain owners? Or was it nothing other than desperate fanaticism? There must be



THE WARNING.

some powerful motive to induce any one to undertake such terrible risk. What was the motive? The detected conspiracy was always followed by confession on the part of some one or more of the parties involved. What was the confession? Among so many discovered conspiracies, taking place during so many years, why was no more understanding arrived at of the germ, and process, and end aimed at? The fact and philosophy of the thing—that is what the inquiring mind of Mr. Neely wished to get at. But Mr. Neely never found any body who could cast the least light upon the subject.

Nor would he if he had sought for information throughout the entire South. When such things take place people in the immediate neighborhood thereof are terribly excited; rigid investigations are made; negroes and others are hung; but at last the whole matter remains as much as ever a puzzle and a mystery. A regular organization of white men to excite the negroes to insurrection, with agents abroad? or each case a private, isolated, spontaneous matter? The people of the South know no more on the subject than did Mr. Neely, or than the North from which Mr. Neely came.

So that when, one mid-summer morning, Mrs. Bowles asked her guest, at breakfast, "Mr. Arthur, what *do* you think of these dreadful burnings we hear so much about?" Mr. Arthur could only reply, "The accounts are greatly exaggerated, madam, I feel confident; beyond that I really do not know what to say or to think."

"We were speaking of the subject last night at Mr. Ellis's house," said Mrs. Bowles. "Mrs. Ellis told me about it before Mr. Ellis came in from his store, and he confirmed all she had said. Stables, mills, private houses have been burned in great numbers; all in different neighborhoods, but all about the same time. In every neighborhood, too, negroes have been arrested and hung. Mr. Ferguson happened to be in to supper. I believe it is the only place in Somerville at which he visits; and he says it is amazing sensible people should be such fools. He does not deny the many simultaneous fires, but accounts for them by the great heat of the summer, which has turned every thing to tinder. Under such circumstances, when the least spark will produce a conflagration, his only wonder is that there are not more fires. We all know Mr. Ferguson, however," Mrs. Bowles adds, with a smile.

"But how does he account for the torpedoes and matches which are said to have been discovered among the negroes—the arms and powder also?"

"Oh! you know Mr. Ferguson. All stuff and nonsense, he says."

"If you will permit me, here is General Lamum's view of the matter," said Mr. Arthur, unfolding a damp paper—the Somerville *Star*.

"We all know Lamum is a bad, unprincipled man; but, Yankee as he is, nobody doubts him to be a genuine Southern man, as far, at least, as he *can* be, poor man!" said Mrs. Bowles. "Please read what he says."

"'We have long looked for it,' read Mr. Arthur—'have even wondered why the work was not begun before. It is fairly inaugurated, however, at last! True to their infernal principles, faithful, as madmen ever are, to their diabolical threats, the Abolitionists have entered upon their work of fire, and blood, and plunder at last! From innumerable parts of the South and of our own State we hear of awful conflagrations and of detected conspiracies among the blacks. That the whole North is entered upon a crusade against slavery we have no more doubt than we have of the shining of the sun. Advices from Texas are to the effect that over the whole of that State conspiracy reigns triumphant. From sources which place the information beyond all doubt we know that there exists a powerful organization, secret, and amply supplied with men and money, sworn to the work. This secret Order has its peddlers, map and book agents, furniture-varnishers, school-teachers, preachers, and the like, traveling over the entire South. To-day are these infernal emissaries among us, in intimate intercourse with the negroes, poisoning their minds, supplying them with torpedoes, strychnine, and arms, preparing them for what is to come. The signal has already been given. Any night we may wake to fire and carnage unprecedented in the annals of the world. Our homes, our wives—'" But here Mr. Arthur stopped. There was much more to the same effect.

"You need not fear my nerves, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Bowles, with a smile. "I have heard and read things to the same effect in South Carolina ever since I can remember. I am used to it."

"It reminds me," said Alice, after a pause, "of what you read to us, Mr. Arthur, in Carlyle's 'French Revolution' the other night. You remember the negro alluded to therein standing before the magistrate in St. Domingo, with black seed in his palm covered with a few white seed. He shook his hand: the white seed had disappeared, only the black seed seemed left! And after that came the awful convulsions there!"

Mr. Arthur ate his breakfast in silence, the negro servant, a smart mulatto boy, waiting assiduously on the table, and hearing all that was said. That was never thought of by any one there. Talk about excluding Abolition emissaries from the South! No public speaker for years past has ever mounted the stump in any part of the South but he has had negroes by scores among his audience: negroes with white children in their arms; negroes attending to the horses; negroes bringing water; negroes loitering around from curiosity. And when, for years past, has any stump speaker failed in his speech to dwell upon Abolition, conveying to his negro hearers, and through them to every black in the South, all the information any human being could convey to them on the subject? It had struck the young minister as a little odd, hearing, on a grand barbecue occasion, Colonel Ret Roberts deprecating from the stump this very thing, when, all the time he was speaking, half a dozen of the brightest mulattoes in the county stood in eager attention within almost arm's-length of him. Save beings to do the work, needing in consequence just so much food, clothing, and the like, the house-flies were little less heeded, save in parentheses of excitement about insurrection.

"For my part," said Alice, motioning Charles, the waiter, to hand her the sirup—she was school-girl enough yet for that—"I wish you had never read me that horrid book, Mr. Arthur. All that description of the peasantry of France in the first part, and how they rose afterward!"

"It was no selection of mine, Miss Alice—" began the guest.

"Oh! I know that, Mr. Arthur; but I do wish, with all my heart, all the negroes were in the Red Sea!" And none but a school-girl could have made such an irrelevant remark, with such singular emphasis too.

"One thing I hardly need say," observed the minister, as they lingered still around the table, "I am not a blood-thirsty character, I believe, and I abhor Lynch-law; but if there *be* agents among us inciting our servants to insurrection, they are guilty of the most terrible of crimes against us, and against the negroes themselves. They can not be watched against too carefully, nor dealt with, when detected, too severely."

"Yes; but what I hate," broke in the impulsive Alice, "is, that we should be in a condition requiring us to be afraid of any body, requiring us to be keeping up a watch all the time. I am a genuine Southern girl," continued she, erect as an Indian, with glowing cheek and sparkling eye, "and I can't bear to think the South should have to be always in a panic about Yankees, and emissaries, and conspiracies. They want us even to be looking around to see if any of the negroes are near before we speak; watching lest they be peeping through keyholes and listening behind doors; whispering and talking low, and using all sorts of devices to hide our meaning. It's a cowardly condition to be in!"

"You foolish girl!" said her mother, smiling at her energy of manner. "Don't parents have things they never speak of freely until their children are sent out of the room? Do we say all we think before our acquaintances even, and friends? What a child you are!"

But, like a willful child, the young beauty only arched her brows and shook her head.

"I only know pa always taught me, and you have always taught me, and all I have read has taught me to admire England; and I'm sure there's nothing of the sort—the continual trembling and apprehending I mean—there; is there, Mr. Arthur?"

"There is in Austria and in Italy," replied that gentleman. "I have read about the Chartists of England, and the Irish, the French, too, over the Channel; but to what degree they are feared I really can not say. But I must go to my books."

As the weeks rolled by matters became more and more alarming. Every number of the Somerville *Star* was taken up with accounts of new burnings, new conspiracies, additional hangings. Several fires had taken place in the vicinity of Somerville. One day Somerville was thrown into the intensest excitement—a carpenter's shop was suddenly discovered to be in flames. Not a man of the many speedily on the ground but had his revolver girt beneath his coat. It was discovered, however, to be the work of poor Jack Sampson's children, the unfortunate carpenter himself. Like other unfortunates in this world, Jack had altogether too many children, and every one of all he had was perpetually in mischief and in trouble of some sort or other—a broken leg, or a chopped foot, or a blued eye, or a bad burn, or a "Deary me! somethin' goin' wrong all the time with them children; it breaks my back to nurse 'em, and breaks my heart to raise 'em!" was poor, slouchy, sallow, worked-to-death Mrs. Sampson's continual expression of the matter.

"Just as I knew!" said Mr. Ferguson. "And if every one of these fires could but be thoroughly investigated it would be found to be the same case in all. Incendiaries? Stuff and nonsense! Look at Sampson's shop; those piles of shavings baking under this hot, dry summer for months; the wonder is they have not caught fire long ago. All those fires in stables, too; any man in his senses must see that the heaps of straw and litter about such places are tinder during such a season as this."

Another fire in Somerville! A dwelling-house this time, and by a negro boy of some ten years old. He was seen to fire the building in broad day! In fact, he never denied the thing. The town authorities had prohibited the usual services for the blacks on Sunday afternoon at the churches; and the boy avowed that he did the deed partly because they had stopped his going to church, but chiefly on account of the over-weight of the white babe he was required to nurse.

"I heern tell of de black folks burnin' houses all de time, dat's what made me fust tink of it," was his candid explanation to Mayor and Council. "Nobody put me up to it," he persisted. "Mass George he say sha'n't go to church, an' dat baby weigh five hundred pound!"

Now what to do with this negro boy? that was the question. For four weeks Scip lay in the jail; that was all. Longer than that his owner could not do without him. Hired to somebody else, bearing a lighter infant, he sinned no more. But for months he considered himself rather a hero than otherwise. More than once, as he drifted about Somerville on warm Sunday afternoons with his charge, in answer to the question, "Whose baby is that boy?" "Mass Bolling, what lives down by de steam-mill, an' I is de boy what burned down de house by de gully," was his prompt reply.

Another fire! This time it originated in a grocery. By this time Mr. Withers had fallen from being only a drinker of whisky to the lower degradation of being a seller thereof; and "All I know about it is this, gentlemen. Late one night I fell asleep against the counter, by George! There *were* a good many newspapers, I know, lying on it. Was a candle any where near? Of course there was! Do you think I was sitting, by George! in the dark? I don't pretend to say how my place caught afire," continued Mr. Withers; "but one thing I do know, Jem Budd's gun-shop is next door—*was*, by George!—to my place, and we can easily guess why any incendiary would want that burned down. The other thing I know is, that I am regularly cleaned out this time—nary red! Not able to get even my daily liquor except on tick!"

Another fire! A cotton-gin this time, a few miles out of Somerville. The excitement was becoming fearful. Could Lamum's explanation be the true one? Was the country really filled with incendiaries? It certainly looked like it. Mr. Arthur found no satisfaction in Mr. Ferguson's theory. Dry and hot as the summer was, there were altogether too many fires. To do Mr. Ferguson justice, with every new conflagration he became more positive upon the subject, fractious even. It had become one of his storm reefs, which his pastor had learned to avoid.

Another increase of excitement! Mr. Isaac Smith, the painter, had been out of his shop all day painting at Colonel Ret Roberts's new office. He did not return to it until bedtime—Mr. Smith was a bachelor, and slept in his shop. After entering it, and while groping about in the dark for his candle and matches, he was astonished to observe flashes of light under his feet. On lighting his candle he found scattered over the floor white grains little larger than the head of a pin, which burst into flame on being trodden upon or rubbed in the hand. Not that Mr. Arthur himself got to see any of these torpedoes, but the story was told him by a dozen lips.

By this time the panic was fairly under way. Even Mrs. Warner disappeared, so to speak, in the universal excitement. Lying Sam Peters, lingering about street-corners, found himself singularly tame and uninteresting where every body was talking. Every fresh number of the Somerville *Star* was filled with the topic, to the exclusion of every thing else; conspiracies detected, men hung, the whole North engaged systematically in the work of Southern destruction. The paper was frenzied in its descriptions, assertions, invectives; and it was but one of hundreds of sheets employed, few with equal, none with greater ability, to the same end.

"What *do* you think about it?" asked Mr. Arthur of his friend Guy Brooks. It is impossible for any human being to live for any length of time amidst universal and intense excitement and not be affected thereby. Physically, mind, as well as mentally, the human magnetism, electricity, sympathy, whatever you may choose to call it, which binds men together, insures that.

"I have my own deliberate opinion on the subject," replied the lawyer. "But we won't bring it up just now. Let us keep cool, and wait a little. The temperament of Somerville just now is too much that of Sam Peters; the whole place talks too much like Mrs. Warner to believe all we hear. No man likes Dr. Warner more than I do," said the lawyer, apologetically; "but Mrs. Warner is really, really—ah, well, we all know Mrs. Warner!"

"But, Mr. Brooks," persisted Mr. Arthur, "I would like to know what you do think upon the subject. It certainly is a mysterious matter, one affecting us very—"

"It certainly is," interrupted his friend, gravely. "But we won't venture an opinion just now. My case is not quite made up, as we knaves at the bar say. Wait. I certainly have my fearful opinion on the subject. But it is really too bad to utter. I may be mistaken. God grant I am! If I'm wrong I'm glad of it. If I'm right time will show." And that was all the generally frank lawyer could be induced to say.

It was the next Sunday night after this conversation that Mrs. Bowles was aroused by a tapping on her chamber window.

"Don't be alarmed, Madam; it is me—Mr. Arthur," said that gentleman, in answer to her hurried exclamation. "Please get up and dress yourself—Miss Alice, too—and don't be alarmed; I trust there is no occasion to be. I will be out upon the front porch."

There Mrs. Bowles and Alice found him when they had hurried on their dresses. But no need to ask him why they had been aroused. Even before they left their bedroom the ruddy glare upon the walls told them of another fire. As they stood upon the front porch the whole conflagration was distinctly visible, turning night into day, and throwing the shadows of fence and trees darkly upon the ground. Full in view from the eminence on which it stood, the Somerville Factory was one vast blaze from the ground, and with flames which towered high above the lofty roof. A six-story edifice, recently completed, thoroughly furnished, and owned by a Northern Company, the establishment, a good deal sneered at as "that Yankee concern," was none the less the boast and pride of the place.

For a time not a word was spoken as they stood gazing upon the sublime spectacle, listening to the hiss and roar of the steam from the heated boilers. It was remembered by all of them afterward that no shouting was heard, no one was seen hurrying past their house to the scene. In fact, though all in Somerville knew of the fire, few besides those immediately connected with the mill were there.

"You need not remain with us," said Mrs. Bowles, at last. "Perhaps you would like to assist at the fire. The Major always hurried to them when we lived in Charleston; he liked the excitement. If Rutledge Bowles was here he would not even have stopped to awaken us."

"I have no desire to go, I thank you," said Mr. Arthur, quietly; and Alice noticed now that her brother's double-barrel shot-gun, rusty from long disuse, was leaned in a corner of the porch behind him. Beneath his hastily-buttoned coat, too, she saw the butt of a revolver gleaming in the light of the conflagration. And not a man or boy in Somerville that night but remained at home armed to the teeth. It is strange the new and singular emotion which stirred in the bosom of this young and impulsive girl as she stood beside Edward Arthur that night, aware, she hardly knew how, of his pale face and set lips and fixed resolve. Not that he said any thing. Mrs. Bowles engrossed the conversation with reminiscences of South Carolina, and the magnificent scale on which that State indulged itself in its conflagrations.

Like all the other school girls, Alice had made abundant fun of the young preacher among her companions, the truth being that reverence was a trait as yet undeveloped in her character. Her novel emotions are easily accounted for. You have often observed that when you are suddenly awakened at midnight from a sound sleep by music there is a freshness of feeling about you which makes the music far sweeter to you than the very same strains heard on any other occasion; and it was out of a very sound sleep that Alice had just awakened. It might be incidentally remarked that these young people had been closely associated now for some time, not only as dwellers under the same roof. It is amazing how much of history and poetry they had read together; how much, in consequence of that, they had conversed, thought, and felt together—all in a natural, imperceptible way—from week to week. We will say nothing about any impression which may possibly have been made upon her by Mr. Arthur's purity of character and refined breeding, and, above all, his enthusiasm in his profession. You may not have thought of it before, but an honest enthusiasm in any good cause is one of the most beautifying things in this world: it imparts a light to the lip and to the eye, an uplift to the whole person! A quiet, unfathomable enthusiasm is the light and bliss, the element of heaven.

Not a more unpopular man existed than was Mr. Ferguson the next day, when, true to his native heather, he was as Scotch in his belief of the accidental nature of the fire as ever. There is nothing people in a panic hate more than the man who coldly refuses to go with them therein; there is an affected superiority to every body else, a self-assertion in such a course which is positively insolent.

"Every sensible person in Somerville has expected the burning of that factory from the outset of the summer," said Mr. Ferguson. "It was one pile of tinder from top to bottom: cotton, wool lying all about, and a raging furnace in the centre of it. Incendiary? Stuff and nonsense!"

Not an adherent did Mr. Ferguson have to his theory. He only held to it with the zeal of thousands concentrated in himself. Besides, he had entered upon a new collection. It had occurred to him during the last few days to collect and preserve all things in his reach which had so far been published upon the subject of the burnings and conspiracies. "A rare treat it will be to read them after the delusion is over," he said to himself; and he entered with an enthusiasm upon the subject which he had not experienced even in making up his treasure of documents relating to Infant Baptism.

But the excitement in Somerville, as well as throughout the whole region, who can describe! Nothing else was thought or talked of. Arms of all sorts were cleaned, loaded, and laid in readiness. Hardly a lady in Somerville but took lessons, with a hundred "Oh my's!" and "Oh, I am so afraid!" in the art of using the rifle and the revolver. You could not walk past a door-yard without hearing the crack! crack! of pistol practice on the part of the inmates of the house.

As to the blacks, the Sunday afternoon service had been long stopped. Now patrols scoured the streets from dark till broad day, firing promptly upon all negroes attempting to run when ordered to stop. By an arrangement of Mayor and Council the room and trunk of every negro in Somerville was searched at the same hour by a large committee.

"And nothing found—not a thing!" said red-headed Mr. Ferguson, in triumph.

But at least some few arms, boxes of caps, even powder, *was* found, was the general rumor. In one case, at least, several glass bottles of powder were certainly found in a negro's cabin. Very promptly was he had up before the Mayor, but as he seemed more amazed at the discovery than any one else, he was as promptly released. "I need not say, gentlemen," remarked pursy Dr. Ginnis, the owner of said boy, during his examination, "that if Jim had any hand in putting that powder there, you may string him up, and welcome. But my boy Jim! I'd take my oath he knows no more about it than I do. Why, gentlemen, Jim was raised with me! Nursed by the same mammy; wrestled together a thousand times. He thinks more of me than if I was his own brother." And while Dr. Ginnis waxed short of breath, and redder in the face, and puffier even than before upon the subject, Jim stood beside him open-mouthed, thoroughly bewildered, undeniably innocent. It was singular the lack of definite, decisive, undoubted proof upon any one point in the whole mysterious matter.

"I am more and more convinced," Guy

ks had said more than once, or even twice, friend, Mr. Arthur. "But I may be mistaken. Wait. Let time show." But of what is convinced he altogether refused to state.

"It really seems to me as if this excitement were deranging the whole of us," said Mr. Arthur one evening to Mrs. Bowles, about a week after the destruction of the factory, as they sat out upon the porch in front of the house enjoying the moonlight. For several nights now he had slept upon a pallet in the hall of the house, dressed, two loaded revolvers within easy reach of his hand. Mrs. Bowles said nothing to him about it, but she saw to it that every table-knife in the place was under lock and key before she lay down at night, counted and safe; the silver-mounted carving-knife, wherewith the Major had carved at his hospitable table many a joint and turkey, rested safe under her pillow. And her guest never spoke to her on the subject; yet, before lying down, he never failed to take the axe from the woodpile and secrete it, restoring it to its place before dawn next day. And he could not but confess to an almost sheepish, if not mean, feeling as he did it—a sense of being ashamed of himself, he knew not why.

And now, as they sit upon the porch, they hear a rapid foot along the street. Every ear had grown painfully attentive, every eye keenly alert lately. The person stops at the front gate, shields himself in the moonlight behind one of the gate-posts, and begs Mr. Arthur to step there a moment. Mr. Arthur does so, and finds an Alderman of Somerville there. The Alderman is fat as becomes an alderman, although turtle soup smokes not within half a thousand miles of Somerville, and is panting from his rapid walk.

"We have learned, Mr. Arthur," he says, as well as he can—"learned but an hour or so ago that the negroes have arranged to rise, and that to-night is the time appointed for it."

"But, Dr Ginnis, is there any foundation," begins Mr. Arthur.

"Can't tell; fear so; in fact, we feel almost certain upon the subject. But I have no time to stop," said Dr. Ginnis, in the same low, hurried tones. "We are alarming every family in Somerville, and glad we knew of it in time to do so." And the Alderman has hastened on to apprise other families of the impending insurrection, with that keen gratification in having news of moment to impart which the heart *will* feel, though the news be the death of one's own father.

That night Somerville sat up.

With the single exception of Mr. Ferguson. Leaving every window of his house open and every door unlocked, the Scotchman made a point of going to bed earlier than usual, and of sleeping particularly sound, in open defiance of the panic of the hour.

If Dr. Warner could only have been induced to do so, he could have deponed under oath that, from supper time till breakfast next morning, Mrs. Warner never ceased speaking; the impression produced on the Doctor's mind thereby being that, in some inexplicable but undoubted way, he, Dr. Warner, was to blame for the whole thing. It was also currently reported afterward that Mr. Neely, the schoolmaster, had abandoned his own bachelor home, after locking in his negro woman with her children, and nailing down all the windows, and had taken refuge, armed to the teeth, and making ten thousand inquiries as to the contemplated rising, when it was to begin, and how it was to be met, in the centre of a crowd of watchers at the hotel. "White in the gills, by George; actually frightened out of his wits!" was Bob Withers's statement on the subject afterward. However, it was morally impossible for Bob Withers to speak of a Northern born man save in scorn and contempt.

As the young minister returned to the house from receiving Dr. Ginnis's information, perplexed for a moment what course to pursue, he finally concluded that here, as in every thing else, the frankest course is the best.

"I do not think there is any ground for apprehension," he said to his companions; "but then I can not be positively certain, not knowing upon what the Mayor and Corporation rest their belief."

"But have they adopted no plan in case there is a rising? Suppose the negroes do attempt it, what are the men going to do? Will the negroes move in one body, or will they rise separately, the blacks on each place attacking their own people? When are they to begin? What are you going to do, Mr. Arthur? Oh, if Rutledge Bowles was only at home!" And Mrs. Bowles showered question upon question on the head of her guest. Not at all hysterical either. The least frightened persons that night in Somerville were the females. Bless their inexplicable natures, they shriek at a spider, but look a lion undaunted in the face!

It was little their defender had to say; but after the servant boy Charles and his wife were gone to their room to bed, he quietly locked them in to begin with. Next he laid the double-barreled shot-gun within easy reach in the hall, and plenty of ammunition on the chair beside it. As to his revolvers, they were girded on as a matter of course and of custom. But while he made every possible preparation for any event, he treated the whole as a needless alarm—a good joke, in fact, to be laughed over hereafter.

It was strange, but Mrs. Bowles seemed rather to enjoy the excitement than otherwise, recounting innumerable like alarms passed through in South Carolina, especially one, in which the Major patrolled the streets by night for two weeks at a time. So excited was she that she refused to go to bed at all; and it was after midnight before she at last fell asleep, with South Carolina on her lips, in her easy-chair, seated with them on the front porch. Softly adjusting a pillow beneath her mother's head and a shawl around her shoulders, Alice again seated herself on the step of the porch, leaning herself against the column.

Mrs. Bowles's house—Rutledge Bowles's property she preferred calling it—stood by itself on the outskirts of Somerville, no other house within several hundred yards. The moon had now gone down; only the clear bright stars illumined the serene summer night. Seated in a chair above her on the porch, somewhat in the shadow of the vines which overhung it, her companion abandoned himself in silence to her loveliness as she sat, her face and eyes turned up toward the shining stars. Ah, that feeling of love, first love, love unuttered as yet even to the object thereof, why should I describe what we all know so well? It is the purest, sweetest emotion felt beneath those stars. He felt unwilling to break the silence by a word, while he blessed the fat Alderman for his news, forgetting for the time the nature of the news altogether.

It seemed suddenly to occur to his companion that the situation was becoming an embarrassing one, and she uttered what came first to her lips:

"There was something I overheard Charles tell Sally, his wife, the other day, Mr. Arthur," she said, without taking her eyes from the stars. "I do not know what they had been speaking of, but I only heard Charles say: 'Never mind, never mind, we'll be free soon, any how;' and Sally answered, 'You'd better try an' see if you can't tell me some *news!*' Such a singular emphasis on the word news."

"You have not mentioned it to your mother?" began the minister.

"No; but she knows how it is with the rest of the negroes. There is not a day but some negro says something of the same kind, especially when they are whipped, or are threatened with a whipping. And Charles and Sally were born, too, and have lived all their lives in the family, and if ever servants were indulged they have been."

"The truth is," said her companion, after a pause, "they hear so much from the public speakers and from the conversation at table—I mean, all the negroes do—I do not wonder they get such ideas in their minds. Besides, there are several of the mulatto boys in town who can read, who do read all the papers, I am told, and they communicate all they know to the rest. You know the reason why their Sabbath service was stopped: one of their preachers—I know not how true it is—is said to have been so swept away in the fervor of his prayer as to have prayed most fervently for Freedom. And where they got their notion of their being like the Jews in bondage in Egypt, one day to be delivered by God, it is impossible to say, but they certainly *have* such an idea."

"Do you think they would be better off if they were free?" asked his companion.

"No, I do not. I confess the whole thing is a puzzle to me. Their parental relation and"—her companion was about adding marriage relation, but checked himself in time—"is not as the Gospel requires it to be among Christians. Many of our Southern ministers are writing, even preaching, upon the subject. Besides, we do know that in many respects the institution is a positive evil to—well, to us—at least I fear so. But what to do with them is the question. If we were to send them to Africa—and how *could* we ship off the three millions of them?—they would relapse under its climate into barbarism. They do not do well in any sense when free, either here or at the North. I confess it is all a puzzle to me." Mr. Arthur spoke earnestly.

"And how is the puzzle to be solved?" said Alice, her eyes fixed upon the fleecy clouds rolling rapidly by over the deep blue.

"The Providence of God will solve it, and in His own time and in His own way. I am content to wait," said her companion, quietly.

"It is strange, Miss Moulton making us read Guizot's History of Civilization," said Alice, after a while, in a dreamy manner. "I do not know what makes me think of it to-night. It was very dry at first, but I became deeply interested in it at last. I have never thought of history in that way before—a plan, a purpose of God in the whole, from first to last—you know we were speaking about it."

"Guizot is a Protestant, you know—has read his Bible, Miss Alice, though, like a Frenchman and a philosopher, he almost ignores the existence of such a book. Yet he has stolen his whole idea from it. From creation history is the slow overturning of all wrong things toward the development of the race and the establishment of God's dominion again upon earth. It seems a very, very slow process through so many ages. At times the tendency seems to be in the other direction altogether."

"I have been reading Dickens ever since I can remember," said Alice, after a long silence; "and there is one theme running through all his pages, and I do believe it is his dwelling so eloquently on that theme which makes his books so popular. I hardly know how to describe what that theme is—a steady denunciation of all that wrongs human beings, even the lowliest; a continual dwelling upon the excellence of loving-kindness toward the meanest and humblest."

"Peace on earth, and good-will toward men! Yes, and this Song of the Angels at the birth of Christ is becoming every day more and more the substance and staple of all popular literature. Perhaps," added the theologian, "Glory to God in the highest may come to be blended in the strain also as the world nears its consummation."

In what a singular, thoughtful mood they both are! The still night, the romance of the hour, the desire to entertain each other.

"Do you remember Tennyson's lines—'Ring out, wild bells?'" asked Alice.

"And its close—'Ring in the Christ that is to be?' Perfectly well."

"And that

'One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.'

So unlike Byron, Scott, and all the old authors. There is Locksley Hall, all full of the same theme," continued Alice, her head still leaning against the column behind her. "You remember,

'Slowly come a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.'

Who do you suppose he means by that, Mr. Arthur?"

"All enslaved people; those in Hungary, Italy, every where," said her companion.

"He means them too when he speaks, in one shape or other, so often, of 'a slowly-dying cause,' I suppose?" said Alice.

"The fact is," said the minister, after a pause, "all Scripture is the Prophecy of, and all History is the Record of, the slow, steady destruction over the whole world of Feudalism—yes, *Feudalism* is the best word."

There follows hereupon a long silence. Both were thinking exactly the same thing. Like all persons at the South these two had, from their childhood, singular ideas at times to flash upon their minds—ideas easily staved off, but often returning—uneasy ideas, disagreeable ideas; ideas one prefers to leave in their present nebulous condition. Both have a sense almost of guilt in entertaining such ideas an instant. Both would deny ever thinking such a thing, if plainly charged with such a crime. As to uttering such thoughts, both are thoroughly afraid to do it.

"How, then, about our 'Institution?' It is an ugly word, isn't it—Slavery? I wonder if it must go down too?" ventures Alice, at last, being the braver of the two. "Strange," she adds, "how full of fancies one feels such a night as this!"

"Only one hundred years ago, or so," says her companion, our 'peculiar' institution, as we well call it, existed over the whole world: nothing peculiar about it then. Just look at it to-night. Outside of the South, of all the civilized world only Brazil and Spain retain it. Brazil! Spain! And here, on this continent, it was once unrestricted of its whole area; now it is crowded down—a thing abhorred and hunted down by the world—into the South!"

"You forget Russia," said Alice.

"I beg your pardon; the Czar has already decreed its extinction. Serfdom ceases in Russia March 17, 1861," replies her companion, eagerly.

"And here we are to-night watching against an insurrection of slaves among us. That there should be slaves among us—*slaves!*—it strikes me sometimes so oddly! And the movement which has overthrown slavery every where else, under *us* too this very night. Pshaw! what nonsense! and for a South Carolinian too! What I hate about it is that those Yankees at the North think they are so wise," said Alice, gayly. "But do you think it *is* to cease among us, Mr. Arthur?"

"I certainly do. I am as certain of it as I am of the existence of God," he replies.

"Yes, but how?"

"I have a sort of theory of my own, Miss Alice. I believe slavery is now driven to bay here at the South. I believe, too, that it will fight desperately, perhaps with struggles which will deluge the land with blood and shake the world—long after you and I are dead, though. Of the result I am as certain as I am that every wrong thing must go down before God. No use attempting to make a China or a Japan of the South. Open the gates *must* fly, down the walls *must* go; the Gospel *will* have free and perfect access to every human being that breathes. Just see those stars, great worlds they are, all moving so unswervingly, so musically upon their paths beneath the hand of the Almighty; how do they assure us past doubt of the presence and power and love of God! Such a still night as this, the jarring voices of men hushed, God's great universe moving so serenely under his loving care, one feels content to leave this little star we live in, too, in the same hand that cares for all the rest of the worlds. I don't intend to preach a sermon, Miss Alice," added the minister, in earnest tones, lowered, too; "but you believe it all as well as I. Just think of it. It was on this world alone of them all that God dwelt in person, living here, dying here for its inhabitants; putting on then, and wearing forever henceforth, the nature of its race, God and yet a man forever! With such assurance of His special interest in us, I am perfectly content to leave this world and all its events in His hands. And to think that He is no respecter of persons; that he died for, and wears the nature of, and cares equally for, the least human being that lives! You remember the trial we are to undergo at his bar: as ye did it, or as ye did not do it unto the *least* of these little ones, ye did it or ye did not do it unto *me!* When you think of that sublime Will moving us silently on in the accomplishment of his gracious purposes toward every being on earth made in His image, how idle and senseless and despicable do all our strugglings against it seem! To acknowledge and bow to that Supreme Will is the act of every sane intelligence. To acquiesce in, to exult in that glorious Will as in that of one's own personal friend and father and saviour, seems to me the very essence of piety."

It was not much all this; it was the low tone in which it was said, it was the mood in which it was heard. It was soul in communication with soul.

Both knew how near henceforth they stood to each other. And well did Alice know why Edward Arthur did not long ago, and did not to-night, say things of a nature more interesting to them even than all this. Being proud herself, she understood his pride, admired it, was vexed at it in the same instant.

"And you do not have much faith," said Alice, after a long silence, "in the success of any movement in defense of slavery, or in the permanence of any government based on slavery?"

"Not the least in the world," said her companion, quietly. "Nor will such a mad experiment ever be tried."

There was a long pause in the conversation. How utterly had they both forgotten fat Alderman Dr. Ginnis and his insurrection! Both felt like any thing else rather than like those sitting on the crater of a volcano that night.

"Yonder is a fire at last," said Alice, really gratified thereby, pointing to the reddening horizon.

"Yes, Miss Alice, but one kindled by no human hand—it is the dawn," said her companion, and with any thing but the emotion of them that watch for the morning.

"Dear me, I never dreamed it was so late—I mean so early!" exclaimed Alice, but a blush followed the words.

"Any insurrection yet?" inquired her mother at this juncture, wakening and rubbing her eyes.

"Not a bit, ma; and, oh! I am so disappointed," laughed Alice; "and after sitting up for it all night, too—it is too bad!"

"We used to have some ground for such things when we had our alarms in South Carolina," said Mrs. Bowles, patient and forbearing for failure in the present instance. "We must write to Rutledge Bowles about it, Alice; it will amuse him."

In fact, there was a general sense of disappointment that morning throughout Somerville, a sense of having been cheated and defrauded, as people yawned and stretched themselves. Alderman Dr. Ginnis sank fifty per cent. in the opinion of every body. However, like all other light yet bulky bodies, his depression on the surface of things was but for the moment; his the imperishable property of bobbing up again when wind and wave might serve.

"Of course, do you suppose they would rise after they found we had put every body on their guard?" chorused Mayor and Councilmen.

As to Mr. Ferguson, coming down that morning from his peculiarly sound and refreshing sleep, more inflexibly Scotch than ever, he was insolent even in his triumph, hard to be endured by people surly after a sleepless night. However, people were used to Ferguson.

"And who sat up with you, Alice?" said the school-girls to her next day.

"My mother, of course. And, dear me, how stupid it was! No rising at last, either. I was so disappointed!" said Alice.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Josh Billings on Preaching.—"I always advise short sermons, especially on a hot Sunday. If a minister kant strike ile in boreing forty minutes he haz either got a poor gimblet or else he iz boreing in the rong place."

What is every one doing at the same time?—Growing older.

An editor in describing the doings of a mad dog, says, "He bit the cow in the tail which has since died." This was very unfortunate for the tail; but we naturally feel some interest to know what became of the cow.

Why is the Rinderpest like a mouse?—Because the cat'll catch it.

"While belles their lovely graces spread,
And fops around them flutter,
I'll be content with Annie Bread,
And won't have any *butt*; *her*."

"Beware!" said the potter to the clay, and it became *ware!*

Taking Liberties with the Text.—A new and frightfully literal translation of the New Testament has been printed, in which John the Baptist has been styled "John the Dipper." Another specimen is, "Neither do men light a lamp and put it under a corn measure, but on a lamp-stand, and it giveth light to all who are in the family." This new version, the Springfield *Republican* suggests, might suit that rustic minister who, in a hot controversy against immersion, took for his text, "Be not carried away with divers."

A bachelor's reply to a young lady, who rather significantly sent him, as a present, some wormwood:

"I'm glad your gift is not a-Miss,
Much worse might me befall;
The wormwood's bad alone, but worse
The wormwood and the gal(l)."

When does a baker's wife become one of the fixtures of his shop?—When she is a little-lovin' (a little oven).

"My Life is Insured."—In a storm at sea, when the sailors were all at prayers, expecting every moment to go to the bottom, a passenger appeared quite unconcerned. The captain asked him how he could be so much at his ease in this awful situation? "Sir," said the passenger, "my life is insured!"

Why is an adhesive envelope like a boy who doesn't know his lesson?—Because it is licked and turned down.

Rabelais, the facetious divine, laid a wager that he would make a declaration of love in the pulpit; accordingly he took these words for his text, from the Canticles: "It is for you, woman, that I die."

Important to Farmers.—Feed your chickens well, and *large crops* will be the certain result.

Those who are very difficult in choosing a wife seem as if they would take none of Nature's ready-made works, but want a woman manufactured particularly to their order.

What is the most indigestible supper you can eat?—To bolt the street-door the last thing before you go to bed.

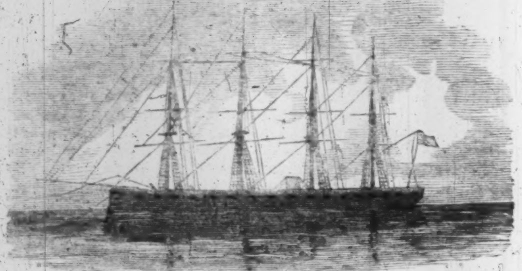
Only a Variation.—Some one having lavishly lauded Longfellow's aphorism, "Suffer and be strong," a matter-of-fact man observed that it was merely a variation of the old English adage, "Grin and bear it."

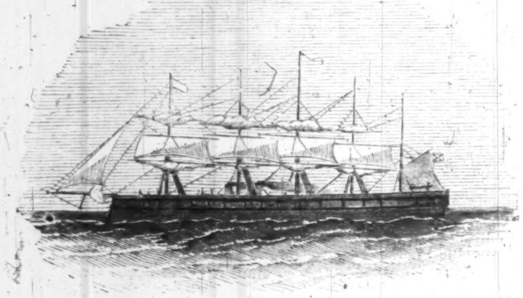
TWO NEGATIVES MAKE AN AFFIRMATIVE.

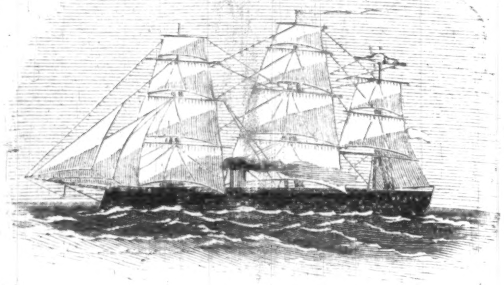
When Julia was asked if to church she would go,
The fair one replied to me, "No, Richard, no!"
At her meaning I ventured a pretty good guess,
For from "Murray" I learned *no* and *no* stood for *yes*.

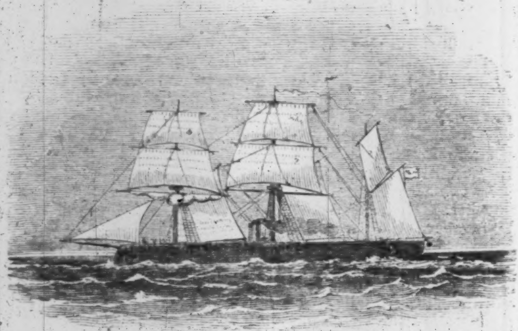
A scold and a blockhead—brimstone and wood—a good match.

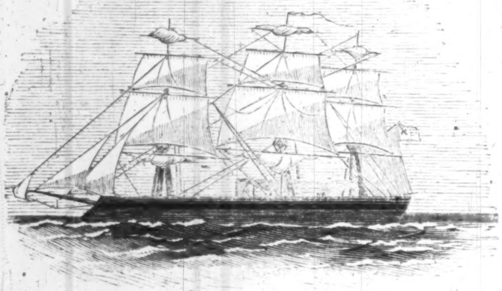
THE IRON-CLAD F

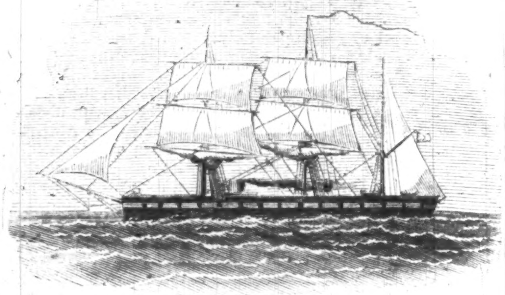

ACHILLES, 26.
Iron Ship. 6121 Tons; 1250 Horse-power; Length 380 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in.; Four masts; Built at Chatham 1863; Armed with 6½-ton 100-prs. and 6½-ton rifled guns.

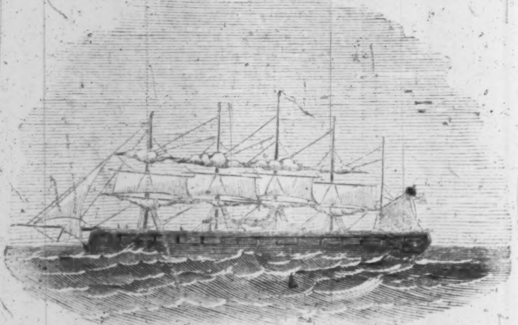

AGINCOURT, 26.
Iron Ship. 6621 Tons; 1350 Horse-power; Length 400 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 5½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Five masts; Built at Birkenhead; Armament, 4 12½-ton 9 in. rifled guns, and 22 6½-ton 7 in. rifled guns, all muzzle loaders.

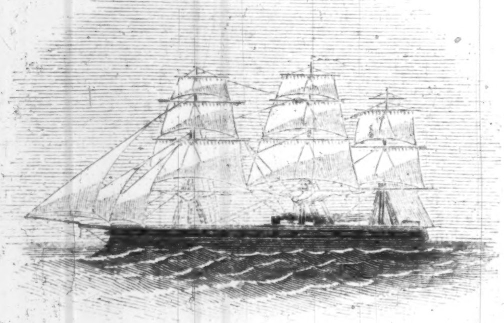

BELLEROPHON, 16.
Iron Ship. 4270 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 300ft.; Beam 56 ft.; Armor 6 in.; Backing 10 in.; Armament, 10 300-prs. in protected battery, and 6 110-prs.

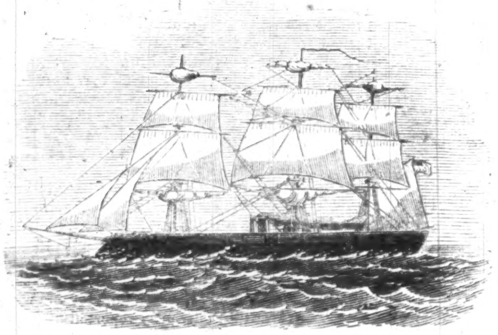

ENTERPRISE, 4.
Iron-cased Sloop. 993 Tons; 160 Horse-power; Length 180 ft.; Beam 36 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 19½ in.; Armed with 4 6½-ton guns, 100-prs.

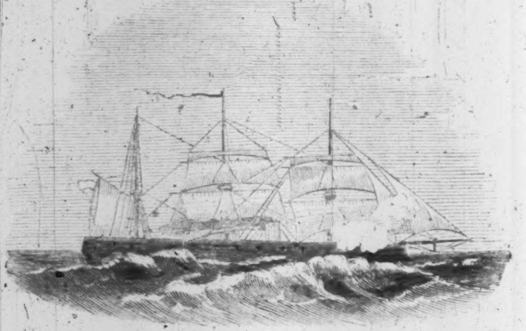

FAVORITE, 10.
Iron-cased Corvette. 2094 Tons; 400 Horse-power; Length 225 ft.; Beam 47 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 22 in.; Armament, 8 100-prs., in battery wholly protected, and the bow and stern each armed with a 68-pr. shunt gun.

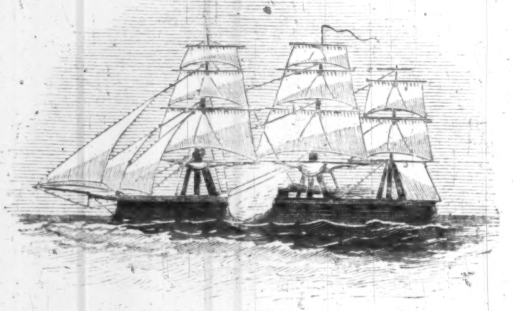

HECTOR, 24.
Iron Ship. 4089 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 56 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in. This ship has a powerful armament of 68-prs. and 110-pr. Armstrong guns.

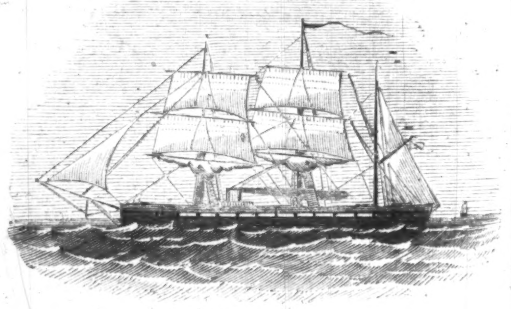

NORTHUMBERLAND, 26.
Iron Ship. 6621 Tons; 1350 Horse-power; Length 400 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 5½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Carries 4 300-prs. and 22 100-prs.

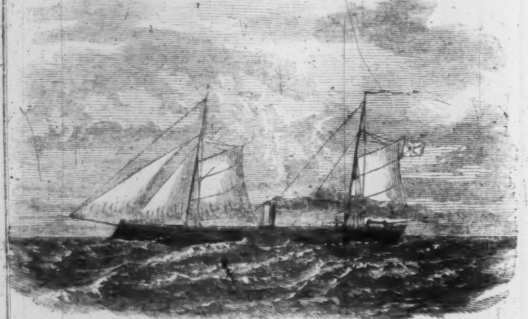

OCEAN, 23.
Iron-cased Ship. 4047 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in.; Armament, upper-deck 3 110-pr. Armstrongs, main-deck 20 7-in. 100-pr. rifled guns.

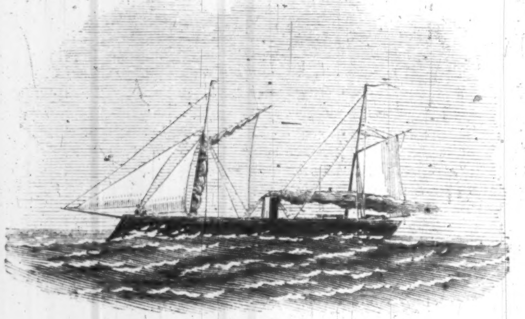

PALLAS, 6.
Iron-cased Corvette. 2372 Tons; 600 Horse-power; Length 225 ft.; Beam 50 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 22 in.; Armament, 4 6½-ton guns, and 2 110-pr. Armstrongs.

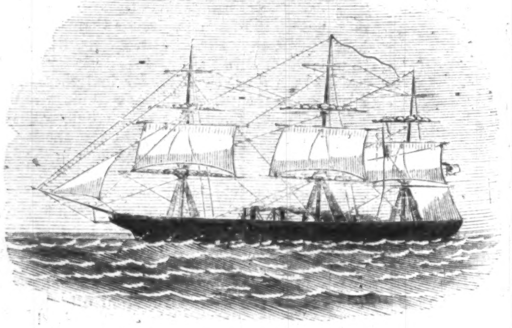

RESISTANCE, 16.
Iron Ship. 3710 Tons; 600 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 54 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in. This ship is heavily armed, and has a protruding stem for use as a ram.


ROYAL ALFRED, 35.
Iron-cased Ship. 4045 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 6 in. and 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in.; Armament, 10 12-ton 150-prs. inside battery on main-deck, 4 6½-ton 70-prs. outside battery, and 4 6½-ton guns on upper-deck.

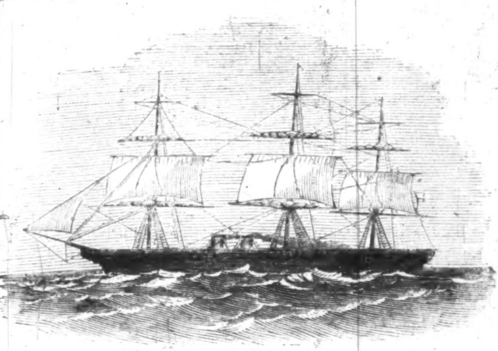

ROYAL OAK, 35.
Iron-cased Ship. 4056 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in.; Carries 24 68-prs. and 11 110-pr. Armstrongs.


VIPER, 2.
Double-Screw Iron Gun-Boat. 737 Tons; 167 Horse-power; Length 160 ft.; Beam 32 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Armament (probable), 2 7-in. guns; *Building at Poplar.*

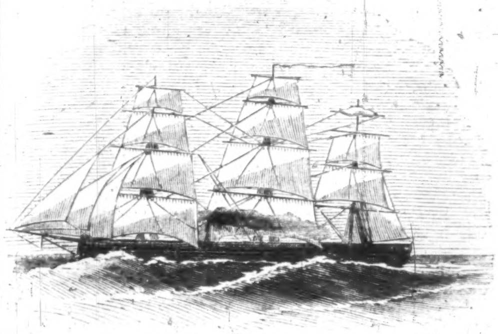

VIXEN, 2.
Double Screw Iron and Wood Gun-Boat. 754 Tons; 160 Horse-power; Length 160 ft.; Beam 32 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Armament, 2 7-in. guns.


WARRIOR, 40.
Iron Ship. 6109 Tons; 1250 Horse-power; Length 380 ft., Length over all 420 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in.; Armed with 68-prs. and 100-pr. Armstrongs.

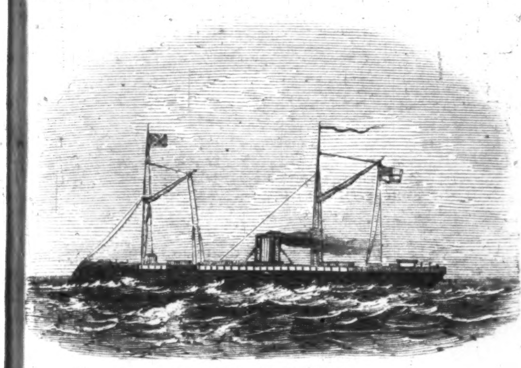
EET OF ENGLAND.


BLACK PRINCE, 41.

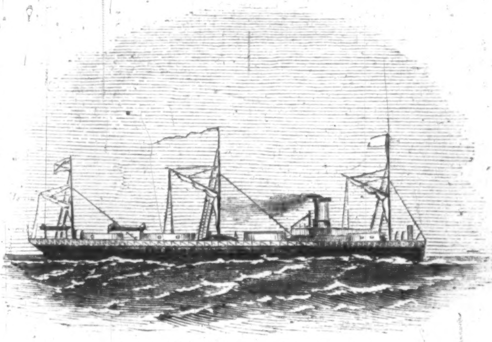
Iron Ship. 6109 Tons; 1250 Horse-power; Length 380 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in.; Sister ship to the *Warrior*; Armed with 68-prs. and 100-pr. Armstrong guns.


LORD CLYDE, 24.

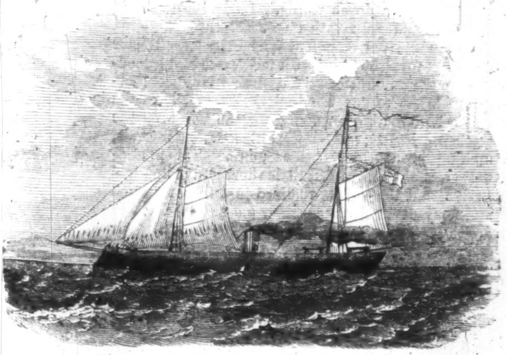
Iron-cased Ship. 4067 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 59 in.; Armor 4½, 5½, and 6 in.; Wood ship side 31½ in.; Built at Pembroke; Armament, main-deck 20 6½-ton 7-in. rifled guns; upper-deck 4 7-in. rifled Armstrong breech-loading guns.


PRINCE ALBERT, 4.

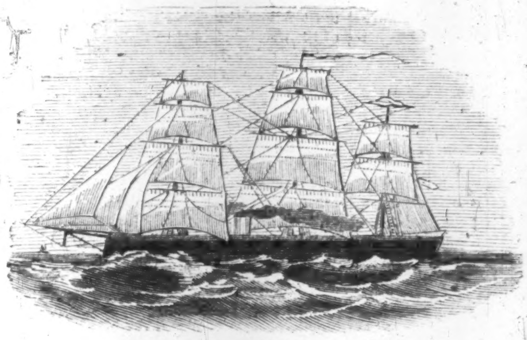
Iron-cased Cupola Ship. 2537 Tons; 500 Horse-power Length 240 ft.; Beam 48 ft.; Armor 4 in.; Backing 18 in. Armed with 4 12-ton guns in revolving turrets. *The ship is represented as cleared for action with her bulwarks lowered.*


ROYAL SOVEREIGN, 5.

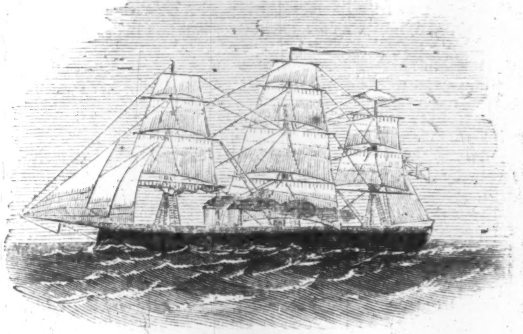
Iron-cased Cupola Ship. 3765 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 240 ft.; Beam 62 ft.; Armor 5½ in.; Wood ship side 36 in.; Carries 5 10-in. guns in revolving turrets. *The bulwarks are represented as lowered to show the turrets.*


WATERWITCH, 2.

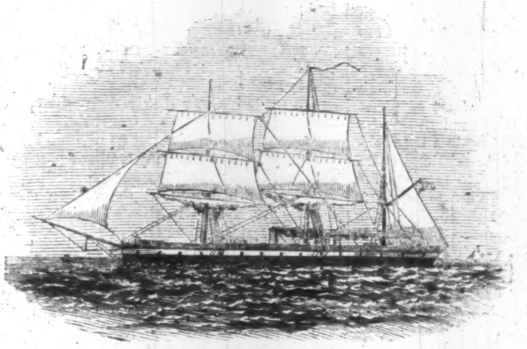
Hydraulic Iron-cased Gun Vessel. 778 Tons; 167 Horse-power; Length 162 ft.; Beam 32 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 10 in.; *Building at Blackwall;* probable armament 2 7-in. guns.


CALEDONIA, 31.

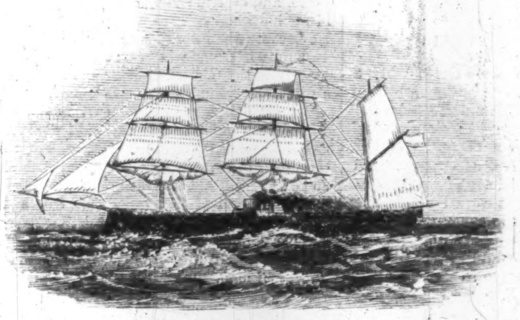
Iron-cased Ship. 4125 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in. Built at Woolwich. Armed with 68-prs. and 110-pr. Armstrong guns.


LORD WARDEN, 24.

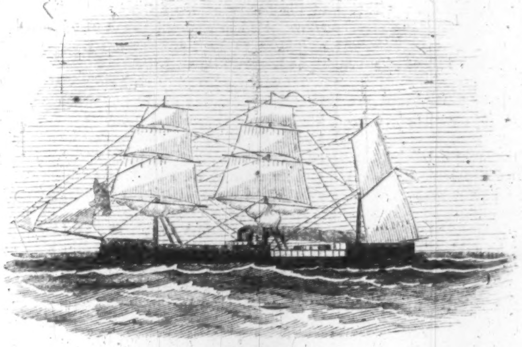
Iron-cased Ship. 4080 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 4½, 5½, and 6 in.; Wood ship side 31½ in.; Built at Chatham; Armament 110-prs.


PRINCE CONSORT, 35.

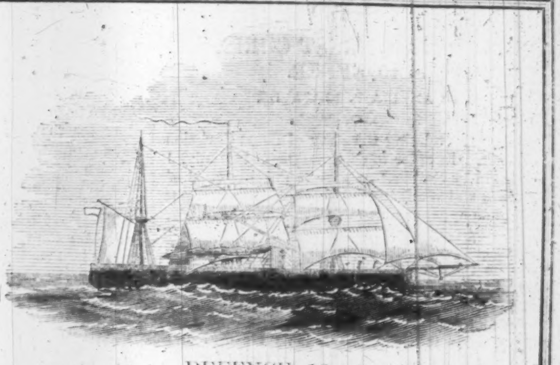
Iron-cased Ship. 4045 Tons; 1000 Horse-power; Length 273 ft.; Beam 58 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 29½ in.; Armament, 16 68-prs., 7 110-pr. Armstrongs, 8 6½-ton guns; Crew 605.


SCORPION, 4.

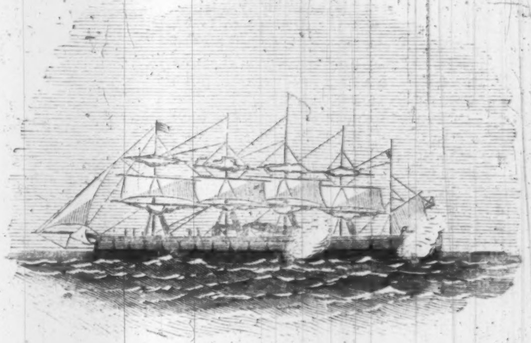
Iron-cased Cupola Ship. 1833 Tons; 350 Horse-power; Length 220 ft.; Beam 42 ft.: Armor 4½ and 3 in.; Backing 9 in.; Carries 4 300-prs. in revolving turrets; Fitted with tripod masts on Captain Coles's principle.


WYVERN, 4.

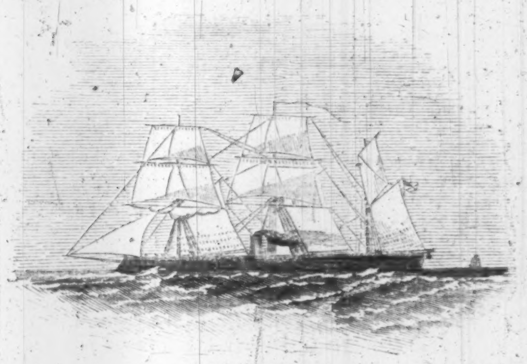
Iron-cased Cupola Ship. 1857 Tons; 350 Horse-power; Length 220 ft.; Beam 42 ft.; Armor 4½ and 3 in.; Backing 9 in.; Carries 4 300-prs. in revolving turrets; Fitted with tripod masts on Captain Coles's principle.


DEFENCE, 16.

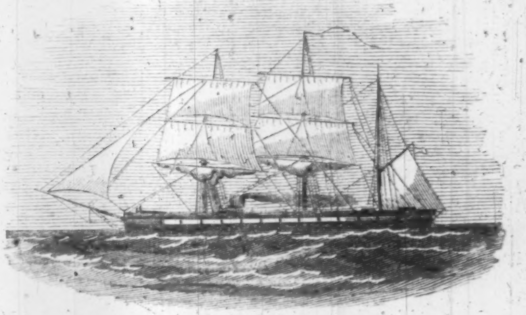
Iron Ship. 3720 Tons; 600 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 54 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in. This ship has, like many others of the fleet, a formidable projecting beak for use as a ram, with a heavy armament.


MINOTAUR, 26.

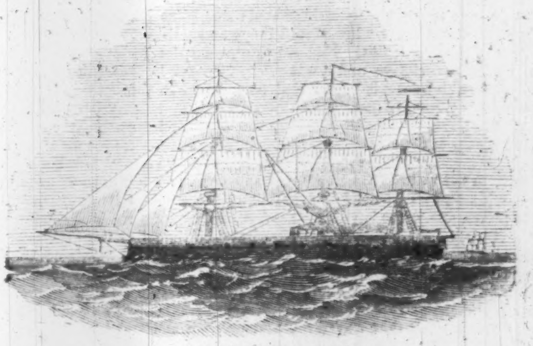
Iron Ship. 6621 Tons; 1350 Horse-power; Length 400 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 5½ in.; Backing 10 in.; Built at Blackwall; Armament, main-deck 4 150-prs. 10½ in. 12-ton guns, smooth bore; 18 100-prs. 7 in. 6½ ton rifled guns; upper-deck 4 100-prs.


RESEARCH, 4.

Iron-cased Ship. 1253 Tons; 200 Horse-power; Length 225 ft.; Beam 38 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 19 in.; Armament, 4 smooth bore 9-in. guns of 6¼ tons in a central battery.


VALIANT, 24.

Iron Ship. 4063 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 280 ft.; Beam 56 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Backing 18 in.; Built at Millwall; Armament 68-prs. and 110-pr. Armstrong guns.


ZEALOUS, 20.

Iron-cased Ship. 3716 Tons; 800 Horse-power; Length 252 ft.; Beam 59 ft.; Armor 4½ in.; Wood ship side 30½ in.; Armament, upper-deck 4 Armstrong 110-prs., main-deck 8 smooth-bore 94-prs. and 8 rifled shunt 100-prs.

THE STORY OF ERNST CHRISTIAN SCHOEFFER.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

I.

I PURPOSE relating the story of Ernst Christian Schoeffer. In order to do this circumstantially, I will begin by stating that he was the only child of Dorothea and Wolfgang Schoeffer, of Ulm, and was born in an upper chamber of a house on the Graben, just thirty-one years since.

Wolfgang Schoeffer belonged to a somewhat better class than the majority of his neighbors. He was poor, but not abjectly poor; and he had seen better days. He was a second-hand bookseller by trade, and had begun life with some show of prosperity. He inherited his father's business and stock; and his wife—a pretty Bavarian with whom he had fallen in love while traveling to and fro among the great fairs of Augsburg, Munich, Bamberg, and Nuremberg—was reported to have had not only beauty but money. So when he brought home his bride and opened a shop in the market-place, his fellow-citizens looked upon him as a rising man, and approved of him accordingly. Their approbation, however, was not destined to be of long continuance. Wolfgang Schoeffer had started too ambitiously, and at the end of five years became a bankrupt. He left his shop in the market-place for one of the ruinous little tenements on the Graben; and there, when the brief sunshine of their career was all past, and the bitterness of poverty was yet new to them both, Dorothea Schoeffer died in giving birth to the only child of their marriage.

From that day the bookseller was a changed man. He had borne his reverses with tolerable courage, but this last blow told heavily. He seemed to grow old all at once; he avoided his former acquaintances and friends; he ceased to frequent any place of public worship; he became daily more bent, more gray, more gloomy, more sordid in his clothing, and more solitary in his ways.

Put out to nurse to the wife of a poor neighbor for the first year or two of his little life, the child was brought home to his father's house almost as soon as he had begun to prattle; and there, under the care of a certain Frau Martha, who was very deaf, very pious, half lodger and half servant, spent all his motherless boyhood.

It would be impossible to conceive a more dismal home for a young child than bookseller Schoeffer's house on the Graben. The floors were never scrubbed, the stairs were never swept, the windows were never cleaned or opened from year's-end to year's-end, and it was filled with musty books from top to bottom. The walls were lined, the floors were cumbered, the air was stale with them. The house contained little else; nothing for comfort, nothing for grace—not even a flower in a pot, or a poor bird in a cage. Books, books, every where books—yellow, dusty, worm-eaten, and unfragrant, like bones in a charnel-house. As for the garden, it was a very wilderness of nettles and briers.

All this, however, would have mattered little if the boy had known the happiness of being surrounded by kind parents and teachers, and children of his own age; but none of these blessings were his. His nurse, really fond of him in her dull way, believed her duties to be all fulfilled so long as she kept him clean and quiet, mended his clothes, cooked his food, taught him the Lord's Prayer, and took care that he did not drown himself in the ditch at the bottom of the Graben. His father cared for him after a morose, negligent, fitful fashion; but as he was more frequently absent from home than not, and spent his time chiefly in traveling from city to city, he was well satisfied to leave the care of his child's health to Frau Martha and his education to the government.

The painter, like the poet, is born, not made; and Ernst Christian Schoeffer was a born painter. He was endowed from his cradle with the gift of seeing—that precious gift that no mere training can do, more than develop, and without which all the academies that ever were incorporated can achieve nothing toward the production of an artist. This privilege is his from very birth. He enjoys it even before he knows that he enjoys it. A brighter heaven than the heaven of other babes lies about him in his infancy; and for him alone of all the sons of Adam that "vision splendid" which even nature's own poet lamented as he traveled on to later life, *never* "fades into the light of common day."

Thus it was that Ernst was a happy child despite the squalor of his surroundings; thus it was that, even in the midst of these surroundings, he came to an instinctive sense of poetry and beauty. As he grew older he discovered an inexhaustible treasure in his father's books. A good third of Wolfgang Schoeffer's stock consisted of Bibles—Bibles of all shapes and sizes, in all languages, of all dates; some bound in wood, some in vellum, some in old brown leather; many of them illustrated with quaint wood-cuts, and some with colored maps and tail-pieces of strange device. Bibles, indeed, were the bookseller's specialty; and it was chiefly to buy and sell scarce and curious copies that he traveled so constantly from city to city.

From these—from the "storied windows" and altar-pieces of the churches round about—from the Gothic fountains at the corners of the streets—above all, from the cathedral, with its rich sculptures and traceries, and its wonderful tower like a filigree of old brown stone, the boy learned and studied every day of his life. He passed that cathedral each time that he went to his school, and lingered before it each time that he returned on his homeward journey. He came to know every stone of it by heart—every niche and saint and canopy; every tuft of wind-sown grass that waved aloft on buttress and pinnacle. He knew it in the morning light; in the afternoon, when the shadows lay richer and deeper; in the evening, when the eastern front was golden with sunset. The rooks that built undisturbed in the tower were his familiar friends. The great entrance peopled with quaint processions, and the bas-reliefs in the spandrils of the huge Gothic arch above the triple doorway, filled him with a perpetual wonder and delight. There is God creating the earth, the air, and the sea; the Almighty artificer being represented each time as an old man dressed in a flowing robe with a globe in his right hand; the only variation in each repetition being that he holds a smooth globe for the earth, a curly globe for the air, and a wavy globe for the sea. Then comes the creation of man; Adam looking at his own shapeless legs with great astonishment, as well indeed he might. Then the creation of Eve, the temptation, and the banishment. Nothing in medieval art more naïve and curious than these bas-reliefs above the principal entrance of Ulm cathedral! Few travelers turn aside from the beaten track to see them; few artists study them; but Ernst Christian Schoeffer learned all that they had to teach—all, indeed, that the great minster had to teach both within and without. Messages written with the brush and the chisel, upon iron, stone, wood, he hearkened to them all with humility and reverence. The relievo triptoglyph over the high altar, with its Magi gorgeous in gold and colors, which in very early childhood first fixed his wondering eyes; the slender, elaborate pyx, like a magnified ivory carving; the choir with its quaint, delicate, wonderful oak sculptures, its clustering fruits and flowers, its lace-like canopies, and its triple rank of heroes, Pagan, Jewish, and Christian, each feature of whose unauthentic faces he knew by heart; the carved scutcheons of dead and gone nobles hung all about the lower end of the nave; the monumental brasses, memorial portraits, and medieval frescoes scattered so lavishly about the private chapels in the side aisles—these things were his first masters in art, and upon them his genius fed and strengthened year by year. It showed itself, as the artist instinct generally does show itself, in all kinds of blundering first attempts. The boy tried his prentice-hand upon every material that fell in his way. He scrawled upon his slate and in his copy-books; he dabbled in clay; he daubed a little in coarse pigments begged from a neighboring house-painter; he carved rude statuettes in common fire-wood. These occupations kept him quiet in holiday hours, and his father, when at home, desired no more.

At length the time came when Ernst Christian's seven years of schooling were on the point of expiring. He was now fourteen, and of an age to be apprenticed to a trade. His father intended him for his own business; but the boy had made up his mind to be a painter, and, foreseeing the struggle to come, had also made up his mind to be first in the field. There was fierce opposition to be encountered and there were innumerable difficulties to be overcome; therefore, he argued, the sooner the opposition was combated and the difficulties were faced the better. It was characteristic of Ernst Christian Schoeffer's peculiar temperament that he should have so measured himself against these obstacles. It was especially characteristic that he should have the moral gallantry to face his father at once upon this matter so vital to his own happiness, and yet that his heart should beat and his breath come short as he went up to that father's chamber on the evening of the very day when his school term had expired.

It was about six o'clock on a bleak November night. The stairs creaked under his feet as he went feeling his way in the darkness, and rehearsing the words in which he meant to begin. On the landing he paused, and guided by a thread of light upon the threshold, tapped at his father's door. No reply came. He listened—he heard a sound as of something being closed and locked—he tapped again—he thought he was answered—he went in.

His father, standing by the table with a framed oil-painting lying before him and a key in his hand, turned upon the boy in a sudden paroxysm of anger.

"What do you want?" he said, furiously. "How dare you come in without knocking?"

"I knocked, mein Vater, but—Gott! what a beautiful picture!"

It was a beautiful picture. It represented a fair delicate-featured girl with down-looking eyes and pale golden hair woven into a profusion of soft braids, and a smile as pensive, as sweet, as sad as that of the Madonna del Velo. The painter of this gracious head had done his work lovingly and lingeringly. Though too cold in color and too hard in effect, the portrait was as highly finished as a miniature, and as patient in detail as if it had come from the easel of Memling or Floris. It measured about twelve inches square, and was inclosed in a clumsy frame of plain black wood, the front of which was glazed, worked upon hinges like a little door, and locked with a small brass key.

The boy forgot his own purpose, his father's anger, and all else at the sight of this treasure. He pressed forward to look upon it, but the bookseller thrust him roughly back.

"The picture is nothing to thee," he said, hastily. "Get thee gone. Get down to Frau Martha. I am busy to-night."

"But, father—"

"Get thee down, I say. Go learn thy tasks for to-morrow."

"I have none. The Herr-president signed my certificate to-day; and he said, if you wished to enter me for another term—"

"Another term, indeed!" interrupted Schoeffer. "Who is to pay for it? Let the Herr-president tell me that. There is not a poorer man in Wurtemberg than myself."

"He said—"

"It is nothing to me what he said. There have been times when I scarce knew where to find food and clothing for thee."

The lad glanced round the squalid room, and sighed.

"I know it, father," he replied.

"It is well you do know it," replied the bookseller, sharply. "You have to earn your bread."

"That is what I came about, father. I wish to be a painter."

The Herr Schoeffer shook his head.

"A painter?" he said. "Pooh! it is an unhealthy trade. Besides, I have not a groschen wherewith to apprentice thee. No, boy; thou must follow thy father's calling—a poor one, but, at the worst, better than neighbor Strauss's."

"Neighbor Strauss!" echoed the lad. "Do you think I wish to be a house-painter, like neighbor Strauss? No, no—I mean to be a painter like our ancestor, Martin Schoeffer."

His father looked at him incredulously.

"The boy is mad," he said, with a contemptuous shrug.

"I am not mad. I would live on bread and water to be a painter. I would beg my way to Rome on foot, if you would only let me go."

"Rome! What would you do in Rome, pray, when you *had* begged your way there?"

"I would go to Overbeck's studio and tell him that I was a poor German boy who loved art, and wished to be a painter."

The bookseller struck the table angrily with his clenched fist.

"Let me hear no more of this," he said. "You talk like a fool."

"But—"

"Silence! Not another word. Get you down stairs and bid Frau Martha make the soup hot for supper."

The boy obeyed reluctantly. As he reached the door his father called him back.

"Hark you, Ernst," he said, more gently. "This portrait is not to be talked about. You must not tell any one that you have seen it. Do you hear?—not even Frau Martha."

"Whose portrait is it, father?"

The bookseller hesitated.

"You must give your word not to speak about it," he said, fixing a searching eye upon his son's face.

"I will never speak of it, father."

"You promise?"

"I promise. But whose portrait is it?"

"Your—your mother's."

"My mother's!"

The lad sprang forward—would have taken the picture in his hand, but that his father again put him back, and would not let him touch it.

"You can see it well enough where it is," he said, with a frown.

"Oh father! was my mother so beautiful? Were her eyes so very sad always?" And the boy's own eyes filled with sudden tears.

"She was very like it," replied the bookseller, gloomily. "There—you have looked long enough."

"May I see it again to-morrow?"

"No, not to-morrow—some day, perhaps. Now go, and remember your promise."

"I will remember it, and keep it," said Ernst, and left the room.

He made his way slowly down the dark stairs, thinking over all that had been said.

"My mother's portrait!" he muttered to himself. "To think that he had my mother's portrait hidden away all these years!"

When he had reached the bottom step he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and fell into a long reverie. His heart was heavy, and the future seemed to lie before him all dark and uncertain, like a scene in a dream.

At length he sprang to his feet, resolved and self-reliant once more.

"I *will* be a painter!" he exclaimed, half aloud. "I *will* be a painter; and I will paint as well as that too, some day."

II.

ERNST CHRISTIAN SCHOEFFER carried his point, and became a painter after all. Not, however, without a long and toilsome battle—a battle against his father's imperious will; against poverty, prejudice, and obscurity—a battle that lasted three whole years, and cost the victor many a fall and many a bitter blow before 'twas won. Still he did win it. He became a painter. He even went to Rome.

A drawing made in secret, and sent up anonymously to the Government School of Art in Ulm—a prize carried off, and a year's gratuitous instruction gained thereby; a second prize achieved, and a second year gained; a third, and its results a gold medal and a purse of two hundred and fifty florins—these were the steps by which the youth struggled on to the fulfillment of his hopes.

His father stormed, railed, argued, and finally yielded a sullen acquiescence.

That purse came as if dropped direct from heaven. Every florin in it was stamped for him with the magic name of Rome. Those two hundred and fifty coins represented in his eyes the inexhaustible riches of opportunity. They opened the gates of knowledge to his eager footsteps. They were his passport to the tomb of Raffaelle.

Ernst Christian would not have spent a fraction of that prize in Ulm for all the temptations that assailed Saint Anthony. He regarded it as a sacred deposit—(it was worth about twenty-two pounds of English money!)—and having paid in two hundred of his florins at Herr Schliermacher's bank to be transmitted to Rome, he took fifty for his traveling expenses, and set out for the Eternal City with a light heart and a still lighter knapsack.

He did not literally make his way from Ulm to Rome on foot. It would have cost him more than his fifty florins for food and lodging by the way if he had done so; but he traveled by the fourth class as far as any German railway would carry him; and he walked through Switzerland, and over the Alps; and what with a lift in a peasant's cart now and then, or a cheap fare by rail or diligence, he found himself one evening, just at sunset, before the gates of the Porta del Popolo, with only a few pence left in his pocket, and the likeness of a pair of boots on his feet.

How he lived in Rome for the next five years—how, indeed, half the poor students live whom one meets in every gallery and every church—was, even to himself, a marvel and a mystery. Thus, from term to term, from year to year, winning now a medal, now a scholarship, now a small sum of money, he made his way an inch at a time, and struggled at last into the foremost rank of student life in Rome. Then, just as his fifth year was drawing to a close and he was looking forward with something more than hope to the chances of achieving an honorary rank to the Accademia, he was summoned home to the bedside of his dying father.

There was not an hour to lose. The elder Schoeffer had been smitten down by paralysis while traveling back from the great book-fair at Leipsic, and had continued slowly sinking ever since. His one prayer was that he might see his son once more before he died.

A poor man can not travel fast. His nearest and dearest may lie dying a thousand miles away; yet the slowest train and the cheapest carriage must bear him to them. Our poor young painter had almost to beg his way to Ulm. How his prayers, his hopes, his fears outstripped his weary feet—how his heart seemed to go on before him all the way—how he sickened at each delay, and counted the miles, the days, the hours, that lay between him and the only parent whom he had ever known, were tortures which only he who had experienced them could adequately describe.

At length, after nearly three weeks of painful journeying, he found himself once again traversing the blank expanse of country by which Ulm is approached from the side of Switzerland. Plodding on foot along a dusty road that seemed as if geometrically produced in one never-ending line, the young man toiled through this dreary landscape well-nigh from dawn to sunset before the distant batteries, forts, and earth-works of Ulm became visible to his eager eyes. From that moment his fatigue was forgotten. He pressed forward as if he had but first set out upon the long day's march, and entered the gates of his native city about an hour after dusk.

For several days past the conviction that he should be too late had weighed heavily upon him. He had repeatedly told himself that all would be over—that he should never hear his father's voice nor see his father's face again; but even those who are best prepared for the worst are never so fortified against it as not to feel the shock. Death is a surprise—a mournful, terrible surprise—whenever it comes; even though we may be sitting by the bedside waiting for it, watching for it, dreading it as each breath leaves the lips we love. This poor student had, as he thought, prepared himself manfully; and yet when he came to the old house on the Graben, saw no light in any window, heard the echo of his repeated knocking reverberate desolately through the empty floors, and was presently warned off by a voice from an upper chamber of some neighbor's house, with the information that Master Schoeffer was dead, and if any one wanted particulars he must go to the Polizei, he felt as if he could hardly believe in the reality of his misfortune.

It was a hard blow. Although the bookseller had been so often absent from his home, although as a father he had been undemonstrative, careless, gloomy, and irritable, still, in his own strange way, he had loved his son, and the young painter felt his loss bitterly. All weary as he was, he sat down on the desolate threshold of what had once been home, and wept in the darkness as if his heart were breaking.

Perhaps he had scarcely known till then that he loved his father so well.

He slept that night at a little Gasthof down by the Danube, and went next morning to the Polizei to lay claim to Wolfgang Schoeffer's effects. The news which there awaited him was both startling and painful. His father, always a poor man, had been brought home, after his seizure, by easy stages, and what with the heavy expenses attending his journey, the cost of medical attendance, and the outlay incurred at his funeral, the bookseller had died in debt, and the whole of his possessions had been sold for the benefit of his creditors. Chief among these, it seems, was Herr Schliermacher, the banker and money-lender in the Anlage. Applied to by Frau Martha when her master lay ill, he had advanced a certain loan upon the bookseller's stock, and when all was over laid peremptory claim to his money. A valuation having then been taken, the stock and household goods were sold, and the money-lender, doctor, and undertaker took what they could get, which, after all, fell below the amount of their several claims. So poor Ernst Christian Schoeffer found himself homeless and penniless in the streets of his native city.

At length, when the first burst of anguish was past, the young man turned his face toward the Anlage, and presented himself at Herr Schliermacher's office.

The banker, a small, plump, pleasant-looking Jew, with a shining bald head, and a pair of brilliant black eyes, received him civilly enough, and ushered him into his private room. The painter informed him that he had come to inquire into the particulars of the sale.

Herr Schliermacher elevated his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, shook his head significantly, and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"The particulars, Herr Schoeffer," he replied, "are told in a dozen words. I advanced certain moneys upon your father's goods, three hundred florins in all; our excellent friend the Herr Doctor Philipart furnished him with medicines and attendance to the amount of fifty florins; his funeral expenses came to one hundred florins. There was also a half-year's rent owing for the house on the Graben, besides a few trifling bills for smaller items, making about thirty florins more. Taken altogether, the liabilities fell little short of five hundred florins, and the effects realized just three hundred and forty-five. Not a kreutzer more or less. Here are the accounts. You can examine them at your convenience."

The young man's hand closed convulsively upon the papers.

"Then my father's creditors are losers to the extent of one hundred and fifty-five florins," he said, in a troubled voice.

"Just so."

"I pledge myself to repay them. I will work day and night to do this."

The Jew nodded pleasantly.

"We expected no less from you, Herr Schoeffer," he said.

"And I may take these accounts to look through at—" He was going to say "at home," but remembering that he had now no home, checked himself, and substituted “at my leisure.”

“By all means.”

He rose—he hesitated—he had evidently something still to say.

“There is one very precious and sacred relic,” he faltered, “which I would give much to possess.”

“If it be any thing which I can assist you to recover I shall be happy to do so,” replied the banker, politely.

“It is my mother's portrait.”

“Will you have the goodness to describe it?”

The painter, with visible emotion, described the picture minutely. The banker listened, looked down, coughed dubiously, and rubbed his little fat hands slowly over and over.

“Dear me!” he said, “is that a portrait of your mother? How handsome she must have been!”

“Then you recognize it?”

“Perfectly.”

“And can you tell me what has become of it?”

The young man's question came with hot eagerness: the Jew's reply with cool composure.

“Why, yes—no one better. That picture is in my own possession.”

“In yours!”

The tone, the look of entreaty, were alike unmistakable; but Herr Schliermacher met both with the civilest imperturbability imaginable.

“Exactly so,” he replied. “It is a charming little thing, and I really value it.”

“But Herr Schliermacher—my good Herr Schliermacher, you do not value it as I do!”

“I value it too well to part from it,” said the banker.

“Herr Schliermacher, I would serve you for seven years to earn back my mother's portrait.”

Herr Schliermacher shook his shiny head.

“I regret to refuse you,” he said; “but it is quite out of my power to grant your request. I like the picture—my daughter has taken quite a fancy for it—and I have been too heavy a loser in this matter already.”

“It is worth more than the whole of my poor father's debt put together!” cried the young man, impetuously.

“Not as a work of art. If it were I should not feel justified in keeping it.”

“What would you do with it?”

“Sell it, of course, my good Sir; and when I had repaid myself from the proceeds, refund the surplus to yourself.”

The painter turned pale.

“For God's sake don't do that!” he said, quickly.

“I do not mean to do it. I mean to keep it.”

The Herr Schliermacher uttered these last words in a tone that rendered further discussion impossible, and the young man reluctantly took his departure.

He came back, however, the next day at the same hour.

“Herr Schliermacher,” he said, “I have come to ask what price you set on my mother's portrait.”

“I set no price upon it, Herr Schoeffer. I do not mean to sell it.”

“But you would not—you *could* not—refuse to sell it if I could afford to pay for it!”

“If I understood you rightly when you did me the favor to call upon me yesterday,” said the banker, very stiffly, “you are not even in a position to pay off the residue of your father's liabilities.”

“That is true; but—”

“Excuse me, Herr Schoeffer. It will be time enough to enter on this topic when you come to me with your one hundred and fifty-five florins in your hand. I wish you a good-morning.”

Again the painter turned away disheartened; but again the next day, at the same hour, he returned to the charge.

“Herr Schliermacher,” he began, “will you let me earn that portrait? Will you take me into your office? Will you receive me as one of your clerks? I write a good fair hand, and I am a tolerable accountant. If you will agree to this, I will work for you without salary till I have earned the picture back at whatever price you choose to set upon it.”

The banker laughed outright.

“My dear Herr Schoeffer,” he said, “gentlemen in your profession are the very worst stuff in the world to cut bankers' clerks from! No, I thank you. No æsthetic accountants for me. Besides, if you worked without pay, how would you live?”

“I would rise at dawn in summer, and work by lamplight in winter, and so earn a few florins a week. I can live on dry bread; I have done so before now.”

“You are a most energetic young man,” said Herr Schliermacher; “and you deserve to succeed in life. What a pity you were not brought up to business!—you would have made a fortune.”

“I do not want a fortune. I only want my mother's portrait.”

The Jew shrugged his shoulders.

“Will you try me for a week, Herr Schliermacher?”

“Not for a day. Your proposal, Herr Schoeffer, is wholly impracticable.”

For the third time the poor painter went his way sorrowing. He desired the picture passionately, and each fresh rebuff only quickened his intense longing for it. He remembered how his father had treasured it, and he also remembered how it was the only earthly record of a mother whom he had never been so blest as to know.

The next day he was back again at the money-lender's office with a fresh scheme.

“For the fourth time,” he said, “I come to appeal to you. If you have the heart of a man you will not refuse what I am now about to ask from you.”

The banker tapped impatiently upon his desk.

“Be brief, if you please, Herr Schoeffer,” he replied. “My time is valuable, and I warn you that this is the last occasion on which I can listen to you.”

“This, then, is what I have to propose. Give me three years in which to earn the one hundred and fifty-five florins, and promise me that you will neither sell the portrait nor give it away during that time!”

The banker leaned back in his chair, and seemed as if he were taking this request into consideration.

“Good Heavens!” exclaimed Ernst, impatiently, “is it possible that you hesitate? Do I ask any thing unfair—any thing unreasonable? Think, Sir—think if it were your own mother's portrait—a mother who had given her own life for yours—”

His voice broke, and he turned aside to conceal his trouble.

Herr Schliermacher looked grave.

“I hesitate,” he rejoined, “because it has occurred to me that there may possibly be some other way. Do you paint portraits, Herr Schoeffer?”

“Of course I do! May I paint yours? Oh, my dear, excellent, amiable Herr Schliermacher, let me paint your portrait!”

The Herr Schliermacher smiled, and shook his head.

“Not mine,” he said. “I would not give a kreutzer for my own portrait; but my daughter—”

“I will paint her for you in any style you please. Only tell me what you wish done, and I will do it.”

The banker was excessively amused.

“I must speak to Salome first,” he replied. “Call upon me to-morrow at the same time, and I will tell you more about it.”

He returned the following day, as he was bidden, and to his supreme joy the banker informed him that his daughter was willing to sit, and that he might begin on the morrow.

“As for terms,” said he, “we will make it picture for picture. You shall paint my daughter's portrait, and when it is done you shall receive your mother's in exchange. Will that content you?”

“Perfectly.”

“And you will not object to paint my Salome on a somewhat larger scale?”

“You shall have her at full-length, life-size, after the manner of Vandyck.”

And Herr Schliermacher was well satisfied, knowing that he had the best of the bargain.

III.

POOR Ernst Christian Schoeffer! it was his destiny. He fell desperately in love with Salome Schliermacher. She was very lovely—lovely with the dazzling oriental loveliness of Rebecca—of Rachel—of Mariamne. He had not seen a woman in Italy to compare with her. Her skin was of that soft, rich, tender brown which so enchants us in the Madonna della Seggiola. Her eyes were as brilliant and bewitching as those of the Fornarina in the Palazzo Pitti. Her smile was stolen from Leonardo's portrait of Joanna of Naples. Her hands, long, white, slender, were Vandyck's. Her gestures, her attitudes, were Titian's. The young painter, to the destruction of his peace, beheld in her the rare and perfect epitome of all that he had admired in art and despaired of in nature. And Salome Schliermacher was as charming as she was beautiful, and as capricious as either. It seemed to be her delight to enchant, to torment, to bewilder her unfortunate victim. To-day she would be all mirth, to-morrow all gravity; to-day all affability, to-morrow all reserve. Sometimes she would talk of poetry, of music, of art, and talk of them, too, with intelligence and enthusiasm. At other times she would prattle of none but the most childish matters, and pout at a serious word.

Then she was the most tiresome of sitters. She changed her mind about the dress in which she would be painted, about the attitude, the background, the accessories, fifty times, at least, during the progress of the work. She would be taken in her ordinary dress; she would be taken in her riding-habit; she would be taken as Jessica with the casket; as Ruth with the corn-sheaf on her head—there was no end to her caprices, and there promised to be no end to the picture.

And all this time the infatuated young painter thought each new dress and attitude more becoming than the last, and, Penelope-like, spent as much time in undoing his work as in doing it.

“When it is once finished,” thought he, “all will be over. I shall no longer hear the daily music of her voice; I shall not dare to intrude upon her privacy; I shall be as much parted from her as if we lived in two separate hemispheres. What better, then, can I desire than that the picture may stay in progress forever?”

He was ready, in fact, to spend his life upon it; and I am by no means prepared to say that the beautiful Salome was not quite as well disposed to prolong the task as himself.

Meanwhile Ernst Christian was living within an inch of starvation. Having once been a pupil in the local school of art, he had been able to procure his painting materials upon credit; but he found it far more difficult to get food and lodging on the same terms. There were days when he wanted bread. There were nights when he knew not where to lay his head. His clothes were worn so threadbare that he was ashamed to be seen in them. Let those who have read the lives of Savage, of Chatterton, of Heyne, supply the painful details of starvation.

There must be an end to all things mortal, and despite alterations and delays innumerable, the portrait of Salome Schliermacher at length approached completion. There could be no question of the artist's perfect success. He had been painting with his heart as well as with his hand, and the result was a portrait of such force, such delicacy, such complete and life-like portraiture, as would have made the fame and fortune of a painter in any city less hopelessly stagnant than Ulm. The beautiful Jewess, holding a fan of peacock's feathers in her hand, and dressed in a rich robe of white satin brocaded with gold, seemed almost to be stepping from the frame. The smile flickered on her lips; the fixture of her eye had motion in it. It was a portrait that Paolo Veronese might have designed and Rubens painted.

“Herr Schoeffer,” said the banker, when he came in one morning to observe the progress of the work, “I am so well content—nay, so much more than content—that I will not keep you longer without your mother's picture. You can take it home with you, if you choose, to-day.”

Ernst was as grateful as if he had not already earned it ten times over. He grasped the banker's hand; he thanked him with tears in his eyes; and he went home to his garret that afternoon happier than a king.

The dear, dear portrait! The portrait that he had first seen in his father's chamber that memorable night, now more than eight years ago, when he first announced his desire to become a painter! It was not in the least faded or changed. The eyes had the same sad sweetness as of old. The pale golden braids shone with an undiminished lustre.

He set it up before him on the table and sat down to eat his evening meal before it. It seemed to light the sordid attic like a glory. It gave quite a delicious flavor to his lump of stale bread and his slice of melon. It turned the water in his pitcher into wine. Thus munching and meditating, with his eyes fixed all the time upon his newly-recovered treasure, he observed that the canvas seemed to have warped away from the stretcher at one corner, and that the picture bulged in the middle, as old pictures are sometimes apt to do. He had long since resolved to carve an exquisite frame for it some day; now it occurred to him that the painting would be improved by what is technically called “backing.” That is to say, by being relieved from tension, and pasted down upon a freshly-strained canvas.

“It would preserve as well as improve it,” he muttered to himself, as he swept the crumbs from the table. “I will do it at once, and give it a coat of varnish at the same time.”

And with this he drew the picture toward him and proceeded to break open the front of the frame with his knife. The little brass key had doubtless been lost long since; at all events Herr Schliermacher had not given it to him. So he forced the case off at the hinges and proceeded to remove the picture. It was held in its [illegible] by two little brass buttons green with verdigris, and came out when these were turned quite easily.

Then he saw what it was that had bulged the surface of the canvas. No wonder, indeed, that it had warped away from the frame! It was crammed—literally crammed—between the canvas and the back of the old wooden case with scraps of dusty paper.

Ernst Christian Schoeffer felt quite indignant with the perpetrator of this unnecessary mischief.

“The Goth!” he muttered. “This must have been done in Bavaria. I don't believe there is a frame-maker in Ulm who would have been so ignorant of his business.”

He laid the picture tenderly aside, and shook out the contents of the empty frame. As he did so he suddenly changed color, and began trembling from head to foot.

“Gracious Providence!” he exclaimed aloud, “what is this?”

It was a little bit of yellowish paper that had rolled over toward him from the rest of the heap—a dirty, oblong, yellowish scrap, filled in with several lines of close printing in the middle, and adorned at each corner with a little engraved medallion. He took it up—he laid it down—he snatched it up again. Then he plunged his hands wildly into the midst of the heap, and took up first one little crumpled scrap, then another, then another; then drew the whole heap toward him, and examined it with a strange, frantic, feverish avidity that was almost terrible in its intensity.

Every one of those papers lying piled before him on the table was a bank-note. There were hundreds of them—hundreds and hundreds: many endorsed with his father's own writing; some Austrian, some Prussian, some Bavarian, some French, some English. And they were as various in their value as in their nationality. They represented sums ranging from one thaler to five hundred, from a hundred francs to a thousand, from five pounds to fifty.

The half-starved heir to all this wealth felt at first as if he must go mad with joy. He laughed—he cried—he shouted scraps of songs. At length, to sober himself, he plunged his head into a tubful of cold water, and then sat down to add up his money.

It was a complicated task. In order to accomplish it with any degree of accuracy he had to translate the language of each currency into florins; and this was a feat almost beyond his knowledge. Morning at length surprised him asleep in the midst of his riches, his head resting on the table, the pen fallen from his hand, and the sum total still unwritten.

Wolfgang Schoeffer, the bankrupt bookseller, the poverty-stricken inhabitant of the old house on the Graben, had just been a miser after all. Nothing, when one came to think of it, was easier than for him to accumulate wealth while seeming abjectly poor. His special branch of trade, be it remembered, was the sale of old Bibles, and there are certain very rare and curious old Bibles—such, for instance, as the Coverdale Bible of 1535, with wood-cuts by Hans Sebald Beham—which are, when perfect, of almost incredible value. It came out on inquiry that the painter's father was believed to have known more of this branch of bibliography than any German of his time; that for the last fifteen or twenty years he had been known to all the principal collectors and booksellers of the Continent; that hundreds of precious volumes had passed through his hands; and that, on more than one occasion, he had both received and paid some of the highest prices on record for certain famous early editions. Perhaps one of the oddest parts of the story lay in the fact that, among all the old books which cumbered the house on the Graben from basement to attic, there was not found one volume of any importance. It appeared to have been his habit to deal, as it were, in only one valuable book at a time, and always to have the book in his own keeping. As soon as he had succeeded in picking up a scarce volume he knew precisely to whom to take it, and what price to set upon it; and so was ever turning his money, journeying from place to place, and laying up riches of which no living soul in his own native city so much as suspected the existence.

Aben Hassan, when he woke up that fine morning in Bagdad and found himself Commander of the Faithful, scarcely opened his eyes upon a more astounding change in the aspect of his private affairs than did Ernst Christian Schoeffer when he lifted his head from the midst of his wealth and found the morning sunshine turning all his notes to gold. His brain was clearer now, and his pulse steadier, than either had been the night before; and again, therefore, he set to work, like the methodical queen of the nursery rhyme, “a counting up his money.”

It came, when so counted, to no less a sum than one hundred and twenty thousand florins; that is to say, to about ten thousand and two hundred pounds of English money.

How the painter deposited his fortune in Herr Schliermacher's bank; how that excellent gentleman marveled at the same, and took a quite paternal interest in the young man from that moment; how he invited his dear young friend to dinner that very evening; how Ernst Christian made his appearance in the banker's drawing-room at six o'clock punctually, dressed in a suit of resplendent black, and looking as if he had never known what it was to be hungry or shabby in his life; how the beautiful Salome, grown suddenly quite shy and distant, reduced her lover in the course of the evening to a state of vassalage more abject than ever; how the story of the picture padded with bank-notes flew through the country and made its appearance in every newspaper where the German tongue was written and spoken; how, finally, before three months of wealth had passed over his head, the painter became the happy husband of his beautiful sitter, are facts which here can receive no more than a passing record. We have given the outline; those who desire to fill it in with detail must seek in Ulm (the cradle of his fame and the centre of his affections) for all that is yet left untold of the story of Ernst Christian Schoeffer.

IRON-CLAD FLEET OF ENGLAND.

ABOUT a month ago we gave a double-page engraving of the iron-clad fleet of the United States. This week we give a similar illustration on the same scale of the iron-clad fleet of Great Britain. The whole number of vessels, wooden and iron, in the British fleet at the present time is 735, of which 30 are iron-clad. Our illustrations include every one of the latter class.

There can be no doubt that while the whole number of vessels in our navy is less by a few ships than the number of vessels in the British navy, our iron-clad fleet is largely superior to that of England in numbers and far more efficient in character. In this connection we quote from a recent letter of DONALD M'KAY to the editor of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*. Speaking of the iron-clad fleets of England and France, he says:

> “While viewing these, their style of construction, equipment, etc., I felt proud that our Navy Department since 1861 have constructed, built, and equipped an iron-clad fleet, both for home defense and sea-going service, more powerful than all the iron-clad navies of the world; and I strongly recommend to the Government, as a profitable and judicious expenditure, and one which will prove to be the strongest guarantee of peace and just neutrality, a continuance of building and adding to our iron-clad sea-going fleet, thus keeping pace with other nations.
>
> “I can allude with pride to that wonderful production of human genius, the *Dunderberg*, now in process of construction by Mr. William H. Webb, of New York. I have personally inspected all the iron-clads of England and France, but I have not seen one of them which, in originality of design, power and completeness of detail, begins to compare with her. She combines the impregnability of the turret system with the advantages of the broad-sides and ends. In short, she can bring guns to bear from every point of the compass without changing her position. From the appearance of her model it is evident to me that she must be an excellent sea-boat, of superior speed, and, notwithstanding her great size, easily managed. It is said she will cost over two millions of dollars; but this is not high when compared with the sums lavished upon the large iron-clads of the Old World, which are far inferior to her as a vessel of war. I consider her a match for a fleet of such vessels as some of the best produced in France.”

Mr. M'KAY especially recommends the suggestions of Secretary WELLES as to the enlargement of our navy-yards, work-shops, dry-docks, etc., and a building-yard of proper size for the construction and fitting complete of the largest iron-clad ships, for the machinery and furnaces for forging and rolling plates, equal in size and thickness to those used by the English navy.

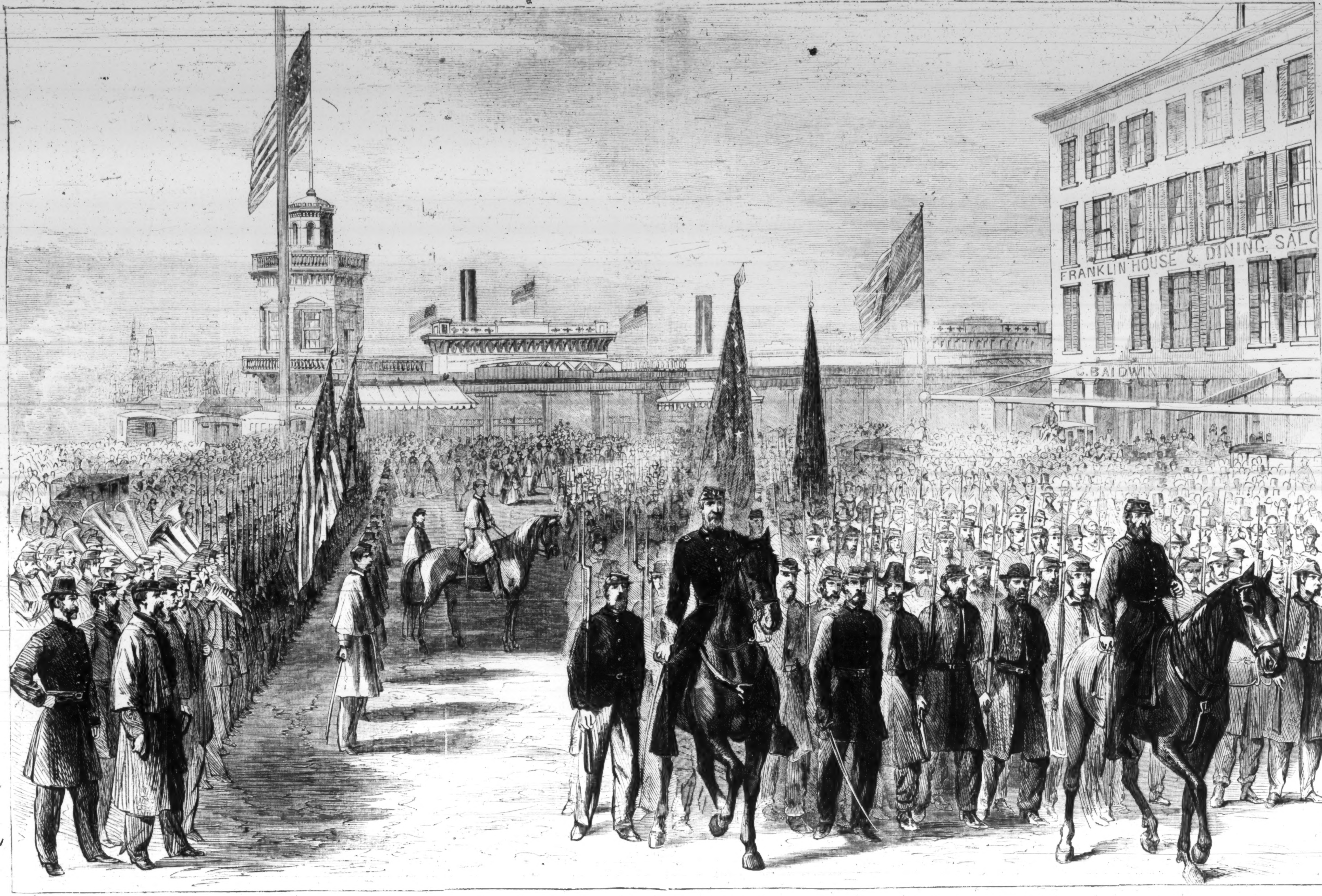
In regard to dry docks Mr. M'KAY says:

> “With all that we have done and are doing in the increasing of our navy, I see, with our honorable Secretary, one fearful deficiency in basins or dry docks. Supposing that we had a hard naval engagement, resulting in the damaging of many vessels, we have only dry docks enough to repair a few ships, and for this reason we would at once become comparatively weak at sea, and this is a matter which should receive our early attention. Both France and England, while adding to the strength and number of their ships, keep pace with the increase of their dry docks and basins. Unless we adopt this system, the additions to our navy so liberally appropriated for by Congress will avail but little. The French dry docks contain space sufficient for fifty of the largest class ships at one time, and England is fast approaching this also.”

The iron-clads of the British navy more recently constructed are the *Enterprise*, *Research*, *Favorite*, *Pallas*, *Zealous*, *Lord Clyde*, *Lord Warden*, *Bellerophon*, *Viper*, *Vixen*, *Penelope*, and *Hercules*. The *Enterprise* was pronounced by Admiral BIDNEY DACRES, the Commander-in-Chief of the Channel squadron, after many sea trials, the best iron-clad in the navy, as regarded sea-going qualities, accommodation, ventilation, etc.

> “The *Research* differs from the *Enterprise*,” says Mr. M'KAY, “chiefly in the fact that the upper deck was lowered in the former, and the armor continued up to it, instead of the armor at the ends being a mere narrow belt. This would, no doubt, make the *Research* a stronger, more enduring ship in action, but it has made her a comparatively wet vessel in a sea way, although many officers of our own navy, who have had experience in our Monitors, would perhaps consider her efficient when they learn that her upper deck is four and a half feet above the water at its lowest point; that the whole length of the deck is protected by bulwarks six feet high, and that in the central thirty-six feet of the ship's length she carries a fixed solid battery up to a height of eleven and a half feet, at which height it is decked over with sheet-iron, covered with four-inch planking.”

The *Lord Clyde* and *Lord Warden* are vessels of light draught. The *Pallas* was constructed as a defense against future *Alabamas* and *Floridas*.


FRANKLIN HOUSE & DINING SALO
G. BALDWIN

RECEPTION OF THE NINETIETH NEW YORK VETERAN VOLUNTEERS IN BROOKLYN, FEBRUARY 15, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

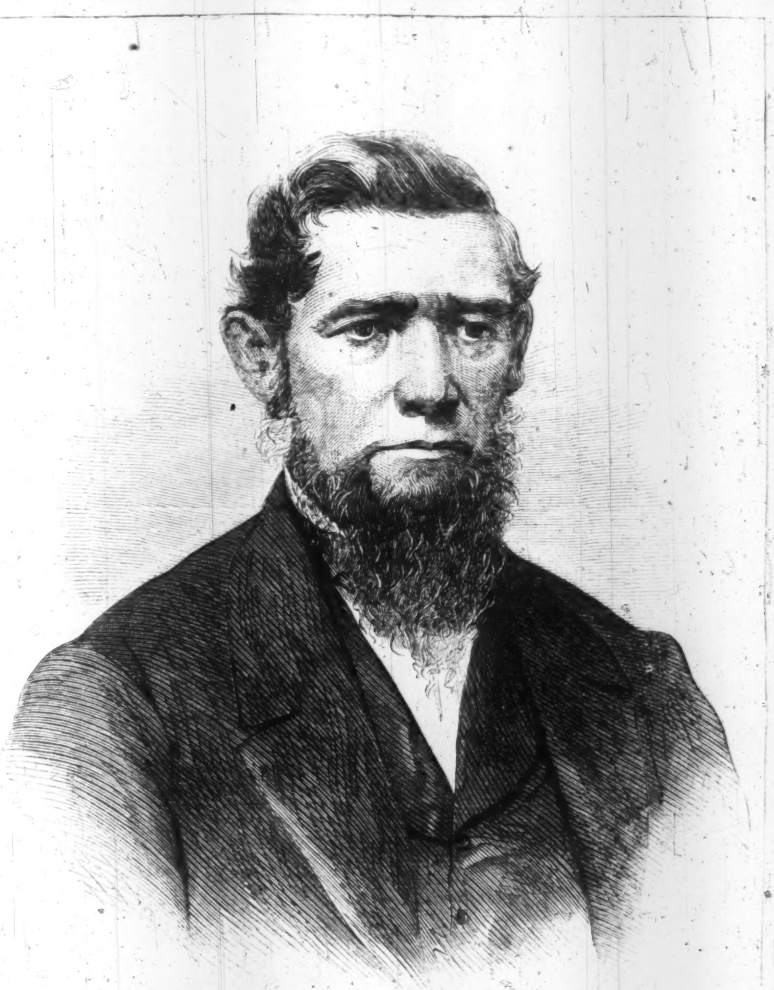
HON. EZRA CORNELL.

HON. EZRA CORNELL, the founder of the Cornell University, was born in the town of Westchester, New York, January, 1807. His father and more remote ancestors were Quakers, and young EZRA was brought up under the teachings of this peculiar sect. His father, ELIJAH CORNELL, was a potter by trade, but was a man of considerable culture and strongly-marked character. He attained the age of ninety-one, and reared a family of eleven children, of which EZRA was the oldest son. When the latter was about twelve years old the family went to De Ruyter, New Hampshire. At the age of sixteen EZRA and his younger brother wishing to attend school in the winter, obtained permission to do so if, by the next planting-time, they would have cleared off five acres of timber. They went to school, and the five acres were cleared.

In 1826, at the age of nineteen, Mr. CORNELL commenced life for himself. He left home and worked for two years as a carpenter and joiner in Syracuse and Horner, in this State. In 1828 he removed to Ithaca, which became his permanent residence. Here he commenced work in the machine-shop of a cotton-factory. In 1831 he married. His wife not being a Quaker he was expelled from that sect. In 1840 he purchased the right of a patent plow for Maine and Georgia, and traveled in those States to sell this improved implement of agriculture. It was about this time that Mr. CORNELL entered into the telegraph enterprise. The first method proposed for the construction of telegraph lines was to lay the wire under ground. Congress had appropriated $30,000 to lay such a line between Baltimore and Washington. Mr. CORNELL invented a plow for the special purpose of digging the trench for the wire and laying it at the same time. His project was a success; but he soon discovered that the wires were not perfectly insulated. Finally the whole scheme of an underground telegraph was given up, and the plan in use at the present time was adopted. Mr. CORNELL, from his contract for the New York and Buffalo line, made $6000, his first success in business. Since then, from various telegraphic contracts and speculations, he has realized several millions of dollars.

Mr. CORNELL first entered into political life in 1861, when he was elected to the Assembly of this State by the Union party. In 1863 he was elected to the Senate. But it is not Mr. CORNELL's political success or his large fortune with which we have to do in this sketch. It is the manner in which he has used his wealth that entitles him to the gratitude and esteem of his countrymen.

In 1830 he appropriated $100,000 to establish a free library in Ithaca. His recent splendid donation of $500,000 to establish a University in Ithaca illustrates his benevolence. He has also given his home farm of 200 acres as grounds upon which to build the University buildings. He has purchased for the institution the Jewett Paleontological Cabinet at Albany. The buildings will be erected a short distance northeast of Ithaca, on an elevation of 400 feet above Cayuga Lake. The State has appropriated for the support of Cornell University the income to be derived from the Land Grant Fund, permanently invested for that purpose. The number of acres appropriated to this State is 990,000. This land scrip is now worth only fifty cents per acre. Mr. CORNELL has begun to buy in and locate this scrip, and hopes by thus increasing its value to secure for the University the princely endowment of $3,000,000.



HON. EZRA CORNELL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHURCHILL & DENISON, ALBANY, N. Y.]

CASTING AT THE ETNA WORKS,

ON Saturday, the 3d of February, a cylinder for one of the largest marine engines in the world was cast at the Etna Works in this city. This enormous cylinder weighs 18 tons, is 13 feet 8¾ inches long, 110 inches in diameter, and 2½ inches thick. It is five inches larger in diameter than any cylinder made for a paddle-wheel steamer having an engine of equal length of stroke. Cylinders have indeed been made larger than this in diameter, as was the case recently for one of the English iron-clads, but they had only one-third the length, the engine having a stroke of only four feet.

The largest cylinders in the world heretofore were those in the steamer *Metropolis*, of the Fall River route, which, having a stroke of 12 feet, had a diameter of 105 inches. Cylinders of the same size were afterward used by some of the vessels belonging to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; but they have all been cast into the shade by the enterprise of the Merchants' Steamship Company, who are now constructing two vessels for a new route to Boston *via* Bristol, R. I., at the yard of WILLIAM H. WEBB, near the foot of Sixth Street.

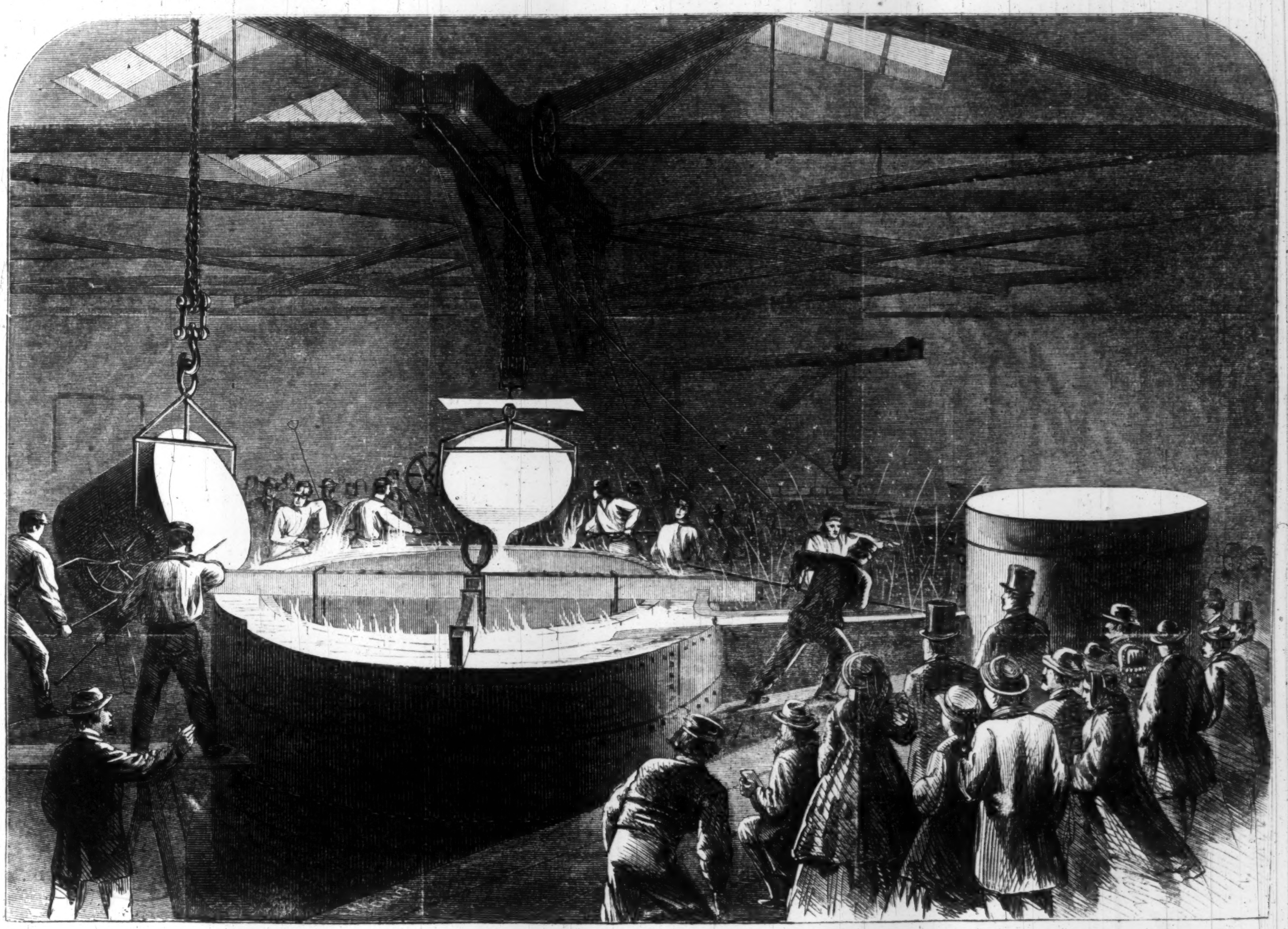
For the purpose of casting this cylinder a pit was dug near the centre of that part of the establishment used as a foundry, into which the mould was placed, leaving about one-third of its length above the ground. The main reservoir for the melted iron, which contained nearly eighteen tons of fluid metal, stood near, with a duct leading from it to the mould. At equal distances around the circumference of the mould two immense pots, containing five or six tons each of melted iron, were suspended from huge cranes—which metal, by-the-way, was held as a kind of reserve, to be used in the event of an insufficiency in the main reservoir, or in case all the interstices should not be filled from that source. The act of casting was an occurrence of but a moment or two in duration. The engine when constructed will weigh 1,300,000 pounds. ERASTUS W. SMITH, Esq., is the constructing engineer.

The boats for which these enormous engines are intended will be spacious, and when completed will be signal monuments of the enterprise and skill of our master mechanics.

RECEPTION OF THE NINETIETH REGIMENT.

WE give on page 140 an illustration of the reception of the Ninetieth New York Veteran Volunteers in Brooklyn, February 15. The Ninetieth Regiment is the last Brooklyn regiment to return, and the Thirteenth Regiment, National Guard, determined to give them a proper reception, in which they were very efficiently aided by the War Fund Committee of Kings County. The regiment, numbering 180 muskets, was conveyed from Battery Barracks to Brooklyn. The Thirteenth Regiment, under the command of Colonel J. B. WOODWARD, was drawn up to receive them on the south side of the street. A section of artillery from the Seventieth Regiment was detailed for the purpose of firing the salute, which was the signal of the arrival of the regiment. As soon as the regiment landed they formed in column and exchanged with the Thirteenth the usual courtesies.

Both regiments then marched up Myrtle Avenue to the arsenal in Portland Avenue, where the reception ceremonies took place. Along the line of march every body who had a flag displayed it, while



CASTING OF THE ENORMOUS CYLINDER FOR MARINE ENGINE AT THE ETNA WORKS, NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

the side-walks were lined with the friends of the regiment, all eager to welcome them and do them honor. At the arsenal, both regiments paid Major-General H. B. DURYEE the compliment of the marching salute. The large drill-room was set apart for the dinner, which was served on four long tables, and was such as to do great credit to all concerned in getting it up. The Mayor and Common Council of Brooklyn, Police Justices, the veteran officers of other organizations, the Thirteenth and Ninetieth regiments, all occupied seats at the tables. After the regiments had assembled about the tables, Hon. J. S. T. STRANAHAN welcomed the returned regiment, in behalf of the War Fund Committee and the citizens of Brooklyn, in a very appropriate speech, to which Lieutenant-Colonel SHAUMAN, the regimental commander, responded. S. B. CHITTENDEN, of the War Fund Committee, also made a speech of welcome, but it remained for Brigadier-General S. L. WOODFORD to make the speech of the occasion. The General was frequently interrupted by the applause of his hearers, whose sympathies he was very successful in touching. The reception was excellently managed, and was worthy of Brooklyn.

The Ninetieth was recruited in Brooklyn in the fall of 1861, and on the 5th of January, 1862, sailed for Key West, Florida. In January, 1863, the regiment went to Beaufort, South Carolina; and subsequently joined the Department of the Gulf, taking part in the siege of Port Hudson and the Red River campaign. In July, 1864, the Ninetieth joined the Sixth Corps in the Shenandoah Valley. The men fought at Fisher's Hill, at Cedar Creek, and in many other engagements, under SHERIDAN. The regiment re-enlisted in February, 1864. It has had about three thousand men in its ranks, including recruits.

RACE BETWEEN THE "ALGONQUIN" AND "WINOOSKI."

OUR readers will remember that last summer there was a trial between the *Winooski*, a Government vessel, and the *Algonquin*, to test their comparative economy in the consumption of coal. They will also remember that in this trial the latter vessel, though she managed for several hours to maintain a nearly equal competition with the *Winooski*, finally broke down, being unable to bear the severe strain upon her machinery. It was then arranged that there should be another trial to test the speed of the two vessels. After numerous disappointments, the long-expected race was entered upon on the 13th of February.

The race was not run the entire distance, which should have been 1040 miles; but was, owing to the furious storm on the night of the 14th, ended in the most summary manner, after running 390 miles. At 11.30 A.M. the two vessels left Wallabout Bay, and steamed up East River and through Hurl Gate. The race commenced at Execution Rocks, opposite Sands Point, at seven minutes past 3 P.M. Before passing the light-house the *Winooski* was more than a ship's length ahead. At 7.45 P.M. the *Winooski* turned Faulkner's Island light for the first time; and at 8.38 passed the *Algonquin* going toward the island as she herself was coming from it, the *Algonquin* being about fifteen miles behind. About an hour and a half after turning Faulkner's Island for the second time the *Winooski* was thirty miles ahead of the *Algonquin*. The next round increased the distance between the vessels by ten miles. On the completion of the third round the *Winooski* was seventy miles ahead. The total number of revolutions made by the wheels of the *Winooski* since starting was forty-one thousand nine hundred and ninety-two, averaging twenty-one and a half turns per minute. The pressure of steam was uniform throughout the three first rounds, and averaged thirty-five pounds on the engine and forty pounds on the boilers. The consumption of coal averaged about three thousand five hundred and fifty-seven pounds per hour. Going about twenty miles further on a fourth round, the storm and the darkness rendered further progress dangerous, and the *Winooski* came to anchor in Huntington Bay. The *Algonquin* also anchored about a mile from Stratford Point. The race was not continued.

As might be expected, the *Algonquin* claims to have had a misunderstanding about the start, and when the signal was given her fires were low; her wheel-men were inefficient; her engine broke down, etc.

Faulkner's Island, shown in our second sketch, lies fifteen miles east of New Haven, and but three miles from the main land. It is one mile long and three-quarters of a mile wide, with a light-house on its extreme southern end.

MISSISSIPPI MISSION CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

THE progress of the war early revealed the probability of the emancipation of the whole colored population of the South. A very large portion of this population was in religious communion with the Methodist Episcopal Church South. But as the ideas and hopes of liberty took possession of their minds, they naturally inclined to renounce the communion of the pastors and people who had not only justified their bondage, but many of whom had actually held them in slavery and profited by their unrequited toil. The progress of our arms brought many of these colored people within our military lines, and their pastors fled from them. Thus the way was opened for the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church to come to these people and assume the pastoral care of them. In order to do this more effectually, the Rev. J. P. NEWMAN, D.D., of New York, was sent by Bishop AMES, in 1864, to New Orleans, with instructions to make arrangements for ministering the word and ordinances of the Gospel to both the colored and white congregations, or to mixed congregations. Until the close of the war all received his ministrations gladly. But when peace came, and the ministers of the Church South returned to Louisiana and Mississippi, the white people almost universally withdrew from the services of the Methodist Episcopal Church and returned to the pastoral care of the Church South.

The colored people still cleaved to the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was more or less the case throughout the South, but was specially so in Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. In order more effectually to serve these people, the Bishops have divided the whole Southern country into four Mission Districts—one of which comprehends Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. Rev. Bishop THOMSON has charge of this District, and made a tour through it in December last. He found a goodly number of intelligent colored Local Preachers, and also excellent white Missionaries who had been transferred to the work. On the 25th of December, 1865, in the city of New Orleans, he organized them into a Conference, of which our engraving on page 132 gives a view, with the Bishop in the centre. It ought to be carefully noted that white persons are admitted to these mission churches on the same terms as are the colored people; so that there is no distinction of caste.

We look upon this organization of colored men into churches, under the care of colored pastors, as a much more important movement than at first may appear. It will bring the colored men into the sphere of self-government, and powerfully tend to elevate the race. The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church aids them, to a limited extent, in building plain yet comfortable churches, and gives employment to all colored preachers whose piety and intelligence will justify it.

The Conference contains 17 preachers, 12 colored and 5 white; 4 districts; 28 pastoral charges, most of them being large circuits; 2266 church-members; and $47,000 worth of church property. It is the beginning of a self-governing movement that will bear precious fruit in years to come.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"WHAT are you thinking about, my dear?" inquired Mr. Jones, glancing at the puzzled face of his better half as she sat toying with her tea-spoon after the dinner dessert.

Mrs. Jones looked up with a preoccupied air, but smiled as she met her husband's gaze, and answered, "Considering what we shall have for breakfast."

"For breakfast? Why—have—ha-ve—some coffee, to be sure. We don't want much besides."

Mrs. J. laughed. "You'll think differently to-morrow morning. You like something good to eat as well as any body. As for me, before I half finish my dinner I begin to wonder what to have for breakfast. I declare it puzzles me more to plan varieties for breakfast than to arrange for dinner twice over."

Mrs. Jones was an excellent housewife. She did not, like many fine ladies, leave domestic affairs wholly to her servants, however faithful they might be; but gave orders respecting meals personally, and took special care that the dishes should be well prepared and nicely served. Yet she often wearied of the perpetual thinking "what to have"—especially for breakfast. Many ladies find themselves in a like dilemma. In summer, when nobody feels like eating heartily, fresh bread and berries and coffee make a nice breakfast. But in winter one must have rather more substantial food to fortify the system against the inroads of weather and business.

It is not that the good housewife don't *know*, but she can not *think* what to have for breakfast. Every little while she "gets ashore," as Mrs. Jones used to say. "Chops, steak, boiled eggs, omelet, griddle cakes, and toast—I am tired of all. What else can I have?"

There are many simple articles which a little ingenuity can easily vary. The white hominy boiled, and eaten with sirup, is a common dish. It is better still with sugar and cream, if you can persuade your milkman to serve you with cream. The boiled hominy, cut up cold, and fried, is excellent, either with sirup or cream. What are called German Fritters make a nice breakfast dish. Take common soda crackers, let them soak five or ten minutes in cold water, then fry in a little lard on a griddle or in a frying-pan. These are also very suitable as an accompaniment to the roast at dinner. Cold chicken, turkey, veal or lamb, and even beef, left over from the previous day, may be minced up fine, warmed in gravy, and served on toast. But in order to make this or any minced meat acceptable, more care must be given to the mincing and seasoning than servants will ordinarily give without special instructions.

Breakfasts may be wonderfully varied in the article of bread alone. Of course, good home-made bread is generally preferred for ordinary use. But for a change one may put on the table a different kind every day for a fortnight, and not exhaust the resources, if a good bakery is in the vicinity. Boston brown bread is excellent. Not cold—as we have frequently seen it served—but thoroughly heated through. This, with some nicely browned codfish-balls, or sausages, if you approve of eating sausages, makes a very palatable breakfast. But your codfish-balls must be carefully prepared and seasoned, and mixed up *moist* before frying, or nothing is more tasteless. The Boston brown bread is excellent with cream. It is somewhat difficult to procure this kind of bread, yet many of the larger bakeries supply it. It can be made easily at home, if rye meal, one of the principal ingredients, can be obtained. But that is difficult. Rye *flour* is not the article needed. Common Graham bread is much more healthful than a constant diet of bolted wheat bread. "Sally Lunns" split open, toasted, and buttered, are excellent; so also both wheat and corn muffins. "Jenny Lind Cake"—so called—is very appetizing. This is the recipe:

One quart of flour, four table-spoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one tea-spoonful of soda, and two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar. Mix with milk enough to make a rather stiff batter; put it in cake-pans, and bake twenty minutes in quick oven.

If you choose, bake in small muffin-rings, and call them "Goldschmidt Cakes!" This will give a variety, and they are really nicer made in that way.

Perhaps Mrs. Jones has decided on her breakfast by this time; but we must recommend one other article, a favorite for breakfast in some parts of New England. Though called there "Pancakes," they are very unlike the "Pancakes" of New York. They may be made plain or rich, at pleasure, but the following recipe is a good one:

Half a pint of milk. Three eggs. Table-spoonful of melted butter or lard. One cup of sugar. A little nutmeg. Half a tea-spoonful of salt. One half tea-spoonful of soda. One tea-spoonful of cream of tartar. Of course the cream of tartar should be mixed in the flour. Make the batter rather stiff. Have ready a kettle of boiling lard and drop the batter from a table-spoon into it. In order that these should be successfully made, the batter must be just stiff enough and the lard just hot enough—otherwise they will "soak," as it is termed. A little experimenting will enable one to decide these points. Too many must not be put into the kettle as they rise a great deal. In order that the batter may slip easily, dip the spoon into the hot lard occasionally. When the pancakes look done try them with a knitting-needle; if it comes out smooth they can be taken up. If rightly prepared these are round or nearly so (contradicting the phrase, "flat as a pancake"), of a beautiful crisp brown outside, and light and nice within. With warm biscuit and coffee—and a bit of cheese is a good addition—they make an excellent breakfast. These may also be used, with lemons and sugar as a condiment, for a dinner dessert.

It is stated that 63,100 valentines were delivered by the New York letter-carriers on the 14th and 15th of February.

A lady coming on from Montreal to Portland had bought a love of a silk at the former place, and after entering the cars, a custom-house officer asked her if she had any thing that required examination. Very innocently she produced her valise, the said silk lying in her lap all the while done up in a coarse brown paper, and asked the officer to hold that parcel while she exhibited the contents of the valise. The innocent victim, not suspecting that common-looking parcel of being an offender, allowed her to go on her way rejoicing.

At a lecture recently delivered at Cooper Institute on "The Philosophy of Smoking," in enumerating the advantages of using tobacco, the lecturer recited an instance in the case of a crew wrecked among the Feejee Islands. All were eaten by the islanders except one man, and him they declined to touch in consequence of his flesh smelling so strongly of tobacco. Hence the lecturer argued that all travelers should at once commence the use of tobacco, as they never could tell among what company they might fall.

In the Court of Special Sessions, a few days ago, a Cuban, who claimed to be unable to speak English, was tried for stealing, there being also evidence that he was not unacquainted with the ways of burglars. As he signified that he did not understand the evidence against him, a woman who stated that she knew the prisoner, having done washing for him, proffered her services as interpreter. On being questioned, after having given her name and residence, she stated that she was born on the rock of Gibraltar, was a widow, and supported herself and children by taking in washing. She spoke English with great correctness, and said that she could speak fluently and translate correctly French, Spanish, Italian, and Arabic. She had formerly been a governess, but, being without friends in this city, was reduced to the greatest distress. Her child, whom she had not found time to teach the alphabet, could speak three languages. She had taught him while busy at the wash-tub. She was undoubtedly perfect in both the English and Spanish languages. The answers and explanations of the prisoner were given with a quickness and clearness seldom found in interpreters.

The following statement, if true, certainly indicates a wonderful change in the times. We cut it from a Boston paper:

> "A Southerner has been boarding in his own house in Beaufort, South Carolina, and paying the negro occupant $3 per day."

In the enlightened State of Delaware there is a law authorizing the sale of negroes convicted of crime into slavery. Four victims recently sold under this statute in Wilmington, brought only from twelve to twenty-five cents each. In view of this decline of prices we should think the business would hardly pay, and that the law might be repealed.

A precocious pair of 14 and 15 summers respectively, residing in Baltimore, took it into their heads to get married, which they did recently, and started for the congenial society of Washington. The parents followed, and found the youth selling papers and the girl sewing for a clothing store, both happy as cooing doves.

The manufacturers are now busy with spring goods. We may state, for the benefit of such of our readers as like to be beforehand in their information on fashions, that stripes prevail on all the thin materials which have as yet been prepared. Not that the spring dresses will be made up from one piece of goods, the design on which represents stripes of equal width, but with three or four different pieces, the ground-work of which is similar, but the stripes are of different widths. The skirts will be composed of these different pieces, but the bodices will be made of self color, matching the ground-work of the skirt, and they will be trimmed with the stripes. Buff or nankeen color, as last spring, will be fashionable for morning wear, and the stripes will not be solid lines (either broad or narrow), but clusters of fine lines, which are softer in effect than when the lines are solid.

For morning promenade dresses the patent velvet or velveteen has superseded linsey, reps, poplins, cashmeres, and serges, in popular favor. The velveteen dresses, with paletôts to match, are decidedly the favorite toilets for morning outdoor wear—not that they are by any means common, but, on the contrary, are extremely fashionable, and have, so to speak, been well patronized. This cotton-backed fabric is of English manufacture, and although it pretends to be what it is not, it has many qualities to recommend it. For the effect it produces it is not costly; then it wears well—that is, it does not become either white or shiny quickly; and lastly, in some colors it is very brilliant and rich-looking; such hues as Humboldt violet, dark blue, *cuir*, or rather a shade of golden brown, and mauve; the black inclines to brown, and may be said from the first to look shabby. Then these velveteens require but little or no trimming, which can not be said of either linsey or serge.

Shoes for evening wear are made either of white *gros grain* or satin, or of silk to match the dress, elaborately embroidered with beads. For evening home wear mule slippers are generally made either of velvet or of unglazed kid, also embroidered with crystal beads. White shoes are trimmed round with ribbon ruches of a gay color, generally selected to match the flowers in the head-dress—the mule slippers are ruched with guipure over either cerise or blue satin ribbon. For outdoor wear, in dry, fine weather, brown kid boots, with black patent leather tips, are general; they are fastened with black buttons, and ornamented at the top with black tassels. For children this style of boot is particularly fashionable; it is more youthful in character than black kid.

A deliberate act of suttee was recently perpetrated near a village on the Jubbulpore line, about twenty-five miles from Allahabad, on the border of the Rewah territories. The subject of the sacrifice was the wife of a barber, who, on his death, declared her intention of not surviving; and on her steadily refusing to the expostulations of her neighbors, they at last yielded to her importunity, and assisted at the brutal ceremony. The woman did not appear to be under the influence of *bhang*, but simply acted on the promptings of what—for want of a better term—we must call religious fervor. She sat upon a pile of wood with her dead husband across her knees, while fagots were piled up to her shoulders, and her hair saturated with *ghee*, continuing to converse with the by-standers while her arms were burning, and only ceasing to do so when flame and smoke choked her utterance.

BURNETT'S ORIENTAL TOOTH-WASH is worth all other dentifrices.
JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HENRY S. FOOTE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
117 BROADWAY,
New York.

BASSETT'S EXTRA FINE
GOLD PENS.
The most substantial Gold Pens used.
C. R. BASSETT, MANUFACTURER, 254 Broadway, N. Y.

BENET'S MILITARY LAW—New Edition. A Treatise on Military Law and the Practice of Courts-Martial. by Brevet Lieut.-Col. S. V. BENET, Captain of Ordnance, U. S. Army. Fifth Edition, revised and enlarged. 1 vol., 8vo, law binding, $4 50. This day published by
D. VAN NOSTRAND, No. 192 Broadway.
*** Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.

THE DAYS
OF
BRASS JEWELRY
Are Over.

THE COSMOPOLITAN
JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,
Capital, $2,500,000.

Great One-Price Gold Sale.

Sell no Brass or so-called Plated
JEWELRY.

WARRANT ALL JEWELRY GOLD,
OR NO SALE.

Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturers, on a one-price average system, and that not a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.

250,000
Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings, Sets of rich Silverware, Fine Gold Jewelry, Photograph Albums, &c.,
Worth $2,500,000,

All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of one-fifth the usual cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.

INSURING TEN DOLLARS WORTH FOR $2.

☞ THE PROOF—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for $2, *a splendid richly chased or engraved silver Butter-Dish or Castor, fine plate, valued at $10, or a beautiful 50-picture morocco Photograph Album, valued at $6*; and you have a possibility of getting a

Fine Gold Watch or Piano.

Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice, will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for $2, from a Butter-Dish or Castor, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars; also terms to agents, to whom great inducements are offered.

Two for 50 cents, with a beautiful Photograph; 5 for $1, with a Silver Nut-Pick, worth $1; 11 for $2, with a Silver Napkin Ring, worth $2; 17 for $3, with a Silver Fruit Knife, worth $3; 30 for $5, with a Gold Pen, Extension Case, worth $6; 65 for $10, with a Gold Double Locket, worth $12; 100 for $15, with a fine Silver Watch, worth $18; 200 for $30, with a Silver Hunting Watch, worth $40.

In all cases, upon receipt of the money, the premiums as above will be sent with the envelopes.

Address CALKINS & CO., Managers,
Broadway, New York.

Pile Remedy.
DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure.
For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

Cough's
DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.
For sale by Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES
For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann St., New York.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

100,000 Watches, Chains, Silver Articles, &c.,

Worth $500,000!

TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,

AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

	EACH.
100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00
100 Gold Watches	70 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
600 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	18 00
1000 Revolving Castors	$15 00 to 18 00
3000 Drinking-Cups	7 00 to 10 00
5000 Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
8000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00
8000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Tea, Dessert, & Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 24 00
5000 Dessert and Table Forks, per doz.	14 00 to 24 00
4000 Butter Knives, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
3000 Napkin Rings, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
31000 Other Articles	4 00 to 10 00

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; eleven for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; and 100 for $15.

Agents wanted every where. Great inducements to ladies and gents to act as such. Fail not to send for circular, which gives special terms, full list, and particulars.

Address J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

(ESTABLISHED 1860).

GREAT AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT.

CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 28, 1866.

20,000 Valuable Gifts, worth $98,300, will be presented to Ticket-Holders.

100,000 Tickets will be Sold.

1 Gift, in Greenbacks	$10,000
1 Gift, in 7.30 Bonds	5,000
1 Gift, Residence three miles from Chicago	5,000
9 Square Grand Pianos, 9 Gifts, $500 each	4,500
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, $250 each	12,500
50 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machines, $100 each	5,000
50 Gifts, 50 American Lever Silver Watches, $100 each	5,000
38 Gifts, 38 Silver Lever Watches, $50 each	1,900
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco Gold Clasp Albums, $5 each	25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4800 Clasp Albums, $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, $10,000 cash, $1 each	10,000
20,000 Gifts, Total Value of which	$98,300

The great feature of our Prize Concert is the manner in which it is gotten up, differing from any thing of the kind ever before offered to the public:

1st. The Prizes are a great deal more valuable.

2d. All of them are genuine gold and silver goods, the very best manufactured. The pianos and sewing-machines are all new, and the manufacturers' names are sufficient guarantee that they are surpassed by none.

3d. The manner in which it is drawn. Each ticket has its duplicate number: these are placed in a wheel and thoroughly mixed; a disinterested person (selected by the ticket-holders present at the concert) draws these duplicate numbers from the wheel; the first one drawn out gets the largest prize, the next one drawn out the next largest prize, and in like manner until all are drawn.

To enable us to give away the valuable prizes we first sell a sufficient number of tickets to insure us against loss. The prizes are then distributed in order as the duplicates are drawn—unlike all other gift sales, where you buy your ticket, and should you draw a large prize the proprietor makes a DEAD LOSS of the value you draw, and consequently you seldom if ever get any thing worth what your ticket cost you.

Don't throw your money away on valueless concerns, but send us your orders for tickets soon, if you would secure them, as the larger portion has been already sold. Every ticket is registered before being sent out—the number, name of party purchasing, and address—and all will be notified by mail of the result of drawing.

Tickets $1 each, or eleven for $10, sent by mail on receipt of price and stamp. BRIGGS, LEMON & CO., 144 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

P.S.—The above Concert will *positively* take place on the 28th. Parties at a distance sending us funds for tickets, should they all be sold, will have the money returned to them. BRIGGS, LEMON & CO.

1000 AGENTS WANTED.

MACKENZIE'S TEN THOUSAND RECEIPTS in all the useful arts. Just issued, after two years of careful labor. The following are a few of the subjects treated of: Metallurgy, Mercantile Calculations; Cooking, Carving, and Preserving; Hygiene; Medicine, (CHOLERA a specialty;) Gas Metres; Wines and Brewing; Scouring; Farming and Gardening; Perfumery; Cements; Poisons and their Antidotes, &c., &c., &c.

Send for circular and terms to T. ELLWOOD ZELL, Nos. 17 and 19 South Sixth St., Philadelphia (2d floor).

[*From the Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation, having for its basis the inside bark of white pine, might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine that I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled.—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., PROPRIETOR,
Boston, Mass.

BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Ill.,
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio,
GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE WEST.

LADIES' LETTER.

Five Anatomical Engravings, with Explanations.
By an Experienced Nurse and Female Physician.
Sent free in a Sealed Envelope for 25 Cents.
Address MRS. DR. KEWLER, Brooklyn P. O., N. Y.

FIRST PREMIUM IMPROVED $5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

The Embodiment of Practical Utility and Extreme Simplicity.

Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most wonderful and elegantly-constructed Novelty, is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 3 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have USED it. It is the ONLY low-priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED. ALL OTHER sewing machines at the same price are INFRINGEMENTS.

"For the dressmaker it is invaluable; for the household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Circular, containing liberal inducements, sent free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

American Pocket TIME-KEEPER.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

The most novel and useful invention of the age. Constructed on the most approved scientific principles, and warranted to denote solar time with greater accuracy than the most expensive gold or silver repeater, while the low price at which it is sold places it within the reach of every one. It is emphatically THE timepiece for the million. Neat, cheap, and warranted perfectly accurate; can never get out of order. No one should be without it. Price, with white enameled dial in gold or silver gilt, 50 cts. Sent by mail postpaid to any part of the world. CAUTION—This invention is the sole property of the American Manufacturing Company, and all parties are cautioned against buying or offering for sale any IMITATION, under no matter what *Alteration of Name.* Address AMERICAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Albany, N. Y.

EAGLE RAKE, patented May, 1864. Sulky, Wire-Tooth, simplest and best. No hand work.

For *rights or lincenses*, or for *spring wire* for wheel rake teeth, address S. H. JENNINGS, Bridgeport, Conn.

F. W. LUDLOW & CO.,

HAMBURG, GERMANY,
AGENTS FOR
AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS.
Branch agencies in all principal cities in Germany.

REMOVAL.

G. L. AND J. B. KELTY, DEALERS IN

WINDOW SHADES AND CURTAIN MATERIALS,

To 443 Broadway, between Howard and Grand Streets.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

501 BROADWAY (St. Nicholas Block).
Photographic Materials, Stereoscopic Goods,
WAR VIEWS,
SCENERY, GROUPS, &c.

Photograph Albums, great assortment, Cartes de Visite of Noted Persons, &c., &c.

French English, and American Novelties.

GREAT DISCOVERY.—DE GRATH'S ELECTRIC OIL is warranted to cure rheumatism, deafness, frosted limbs, piles, and all sores and pains, in from 1 to 2 days. Sold by all druggists, and by DEMAS BARNES & CO., New York. Depot, Philadelphia.

"THE RIGHT WAY,"

A Radical Newspaper. Present circulation 65,000 copies weekly—reaching every State and Territory of the Union. A portion of one page devoted to Advertisements at 50 cts. per line. Orders may be addressed to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 23 Congress St., Boston.

Superfluous Hair Removed

From all parts of the body in five minutes, without injury to the skin, by "UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER." Mailed to any address for $1 25, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. Sold by all druggists.

Pimples on the Face

REMOVED AT ONCE BY THE USE OF "UPHAM'S PIMPLE BANISHER." MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS FOR 75 CENTS, by S. C. UPHAM, No. 25 SOUTH EIGHTH ST., PHILADELPHIA. Sold by all druggists.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $10, $16, $23, and $30. Price of an Office, with Press, $15, $28, $40, $48, and $71. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston.

PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.

Eggs of Pharaoh's Serpents, each of which, when ignited, will evolve in a few seconds a harmless Serpent, several feet in length. Box of ten eggs mailed to any address for 50 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. The Trade supplied.

$1500 PER YEAR! We want agents every where to sell our IMPROVED $20 Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in the United States for less than $40 which are *fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. All* other cheap machines are *infringements.* Circulars *free.* Address or call upon Shaw & Clark, Biddeford, Maine.

THE EVANS ORIGINAL
WORLD-RENOWNED

GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT

(INSTITUTED BY G. G. EVANS IN 1854).

It has outlived all Competitors.

All books sold at publishers' retail prices, and a Beautiful and Useful Present, worth from 25 cents to 100 dollars, given with each book.

AGENTS WANTED EVERY WHERE.

Extra inducements to all persons who will act as agents. Send for the new classified catalogue, containing a list of books in every department of literature, also instructions for forming clubs, &c., for the G. G. EVANS GIFT BOOK STORE, 628 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Editors inserting the above will receive a handsome present on receipt of their paper containing the same.

POPULAR NEW BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

A NOBLE LIFE. A Novel. By MISS MULOCK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Christian's Mistake," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Few men and no women will read "A Noble Life" without feeling themselves better and stronger.—LONDON SPECTATOR.

No one can read it without feeling strengthened and ennobled.—NEW YORK TIMES.

AGNES. A Novel. By MRS. OLIPHANT, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

"Agnes" is a novel superior to any of Mrs. Oliphant's former works.—*Athenæum.*

"Agnes" has that stamp of first-rate power which no one can mistake. It is a narrative of deep interest.—*Reader.*

Mrs. Oliphant is one of the most admirable of our lady novelists. "Agnes" is a story whose pathetic and refined beauty will appeal irresistibly to all readers.—*Post.*

GUY DEVERELL. A Novel. By J. S. LE FANU, Author of "Uncle Silas," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

With the complications on which this story turns—the lost deed, the unknown marriage, the unfair duel, and, above all, the dreadful scene in that green chamber—we shall not meddle. No writer more exactly fulfills the odd idiomatic expression of "carrying the reader along with him;" the reader is "carried along" wherever Mr. Le Fanu pleases, by the strangest and most out-of-the-way routes, by the most flowery paths, by the most mysterious underground tunnelings, swiftly, certainly, and willingly, to the end.—*London Times.*

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS. A Novel. By MRS. GASKELL, Author of "Mary Barton," "Cranford," "Sylvia's Lovers," "Cousin Phillis," &c. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00; Paper, $1 50.

It is said that George Sand remarked to an English friend: "Mrs. Gaskell has done what neither I nor other female writers in France can accomplish—she has written novels which excite the deepest interest in men of the world, and which every girl will be the better for reading."—*New York Evening Post.*

As a work of art and observation, this novel, "Wives and Daughters," is among the finest novels of our time.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Mrs. Gaskell has achieved a success which will live long after her. Her descriptive handiwork would bear comparison with that of Tennyson.—*Saturday Review.*

THE BELTON ESTATE. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Doctor Thorne," "Framley Parsonage," "Can You Forgive Her?" &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A work of more power than fifty sensation novels, and more interest than is to be found in any of the works of Miss Braddon. The characters are admirably painted—the parties themselves seem to stand out from the very pages of the book.—*New York Day-Book.*

Mr. Trollope has written few novels equal to "The Belton Estate," and no one of the living masters of fiction writes with more uniform interest and healthfulness.—*Taunton Gazette.*

"The Belton Estate" is one of the cleverest and most pleasing love stories in the language.—*Boston Transcript.*

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY. A Novel. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS, Author of "Barbara's History," "The Ladder of Life," "My Brother's Wife," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

One of the pleasantest novels of the season is "Half a Million of Money." It is full of crisp writing and easy dialogue. The work is full of clever, incisive sayings, and is marked by an absence of all vulgarity, which is quite refreshing in these days of sensationalism.—*Westminster Review, January,* 1866.

The style is uniformly clear and forcible.—*Saturday Review.*

One of the best stories we have read for a long time past. We prophecy a great success for "Half a Million of Money."—*Observer.*

The plan of the novel is perfectly original and most pleasing. The personages are admirably drawn, and have nothing whatever in common with the lay-figures which too often do duty in the novels of the day. The style is charmingly easy and graceful, while stirring events are told with vigor and animation.—*Morning Star.*

GOV. FOOTE ON THE WAR AND THE UNION. War of the Rebellion; or, Scylla and Charybdis. Consisting of Observations upon the Causes, Course, and Consequences of the late Civil War in the United States. By H. S. FOOTE. 12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

It abounds in anecdotes and reminiscences which throw light upon the events of the time.—*New York Times.*

WALTER GORING. A Novel. By ANNIE THOMAS, Author of "Denis Donne," "On Guard," "Theo Leigh," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

PRISON LIFE IN THE SOUTH: At Richmond, Macon, Savannah, Charleston, Columbia, Charlotte, Raleigh, Goldsborough, and Andersonville, during the Years 1864 and 1865. By A. O. ABBOTT, late Lieut. 1st N. Y. Dragoons. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $2 00.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25 cts.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25 cts.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25 cts.; 100 Actors for 25 cts. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

CATARRH CURED FOR ONE DOLLAR.

THIS IS NO HUMBUG.

Read!—For One Dollar per mail, I will send you a recipe and medicine that will cure the worst cases of Catarrh in the head or bronchial tubes in a few weeks, or money returned. It has cured me, and, as I believe, saved my life. I know it is no humbug, and am willing to aid in the relief of others from that tormenting and dangerous disease. Address T. P. SYMMES, 152½ Fulton St., N. Y.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

PATENT APPLIED FOR, June 29, 1865.

An EXACT and RELIABLE Pocket TIMEKEEPER for Ladies and Gentlemen. Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and warranted to DENOTE SOLAR TIME with absolute certainty and the utmost precision. It never can be wrong. It requires NO KEY or winding up; NEVER RUNS DOWN, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most remarkable article. Approved by the Press and ALL WHO HAVE USED THEM. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is secured by ROYAL LETTERS PATENT. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy white dial, in gold or silver gilt case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. Beware of IMPOSTORS, who imitate this advertisement with a view to swindling the public, by offering a *useless article* (with a slight alteration of name) ENTIRELY UNLIKE our *genuine* Timekeeper. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, 204-206 Broadway, New York.

50 CENT SAMPLE sent free, with terms for any one to clear $5 a day in 3 hours' time. Address LA MONTE, REYMOND & CO., 29 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—$150 PER MONTH, to sell the COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. It will hem, stitch, fell, tuck, quilt, braid, and embroider beautifully. Price only $20. Every Machine is warranted for three years. For terms and Circulars address C. BOWERS & CO., 255 South Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW MUSIC.

Arrah-na-Pogue, Grand March	30c.
Silver Trumpets " "	35c.
I have Heard Sweet Music Stealing	30c.
The Haunting Thought, by Reichardt	40c.
I can not Sing the Old Songs, by Claribel	30c.
Wearing of the Green: Violin, 15c. Song	30c.
Have You Seen Her Lately? (comic)	35c.
Matilda Toots, with Colored Lithograph, illustrating Catastrophe on Skating Pond	50c.

Mailed, postpaid. FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery.

MUJAVIRO

Is the most delicious and lasting of all perfumes. The odor is like a boquet composed of roses, violets, jasmine, and heliotrope. What can be more fragrant?

For sale by all druggists and at all fancy stores.

DON'T BE FOOLISH.

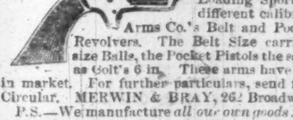
You can make Six Dollars from Fifty Cents. Call and examine an invention urgently needed by every body. Or a sample sent free by mail for 50c that retails easily for $6, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York.

DUMB-WAITERS.

JAMES MURTAUGH'S celebrated DUMB-WAITERS are manufactured only at No. 1335 Broadway, New York, where a model can be seen.

MERWIN & BRAY,

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN ARMS AND AMMUNITION OF ALL KINDS,



Sole Agents for the Ballard Breech Loading Sporting Rifles, of different calibres, and Eagle Arms Co.'s Belt and Pocket Cartridge Revolvers. The Belt Size carries the Army size Balls, the Pocket Pistols the same size Balls as Colt's 6 in. These arms have no equal now in market. For further particulars, send for Illustrated Circular. MERWIN & BRAY, 262 Broadway, N. Y.

P.S.—We manufacture *all our own goods;* also are Sole Agents for the celebrated Colt's Model Whitney Revolvers.

THE OLD SECOND CORPS.—A new song, entitled as above (contains 30 verses), and relating generally to every reg't in the A. P., and particularly to Gens. Hancock, Warren, Humphrey, and Sumner, and the 2d A. C. Sent on rec't of 15c. W. R. Chambers, N. Bloomfield, Ont. Co., N. Y.

CATTLE DISEASE! *Trichina* pork! Cholera beetles! Cube-glass lenses constructed to detect these pests. Every man should have one. Sent for 70c. with directions. Wm. Bird, Microscopist, 77 Nassau St., room 27, rear, N. Y.

LIBRARY DE LOVE. 3 Volumes
For 75 cents. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

STATE of MISSOURI.—A reliable, authentic Book of the State, indorsed by the Governor, containing a full description of farming and mineral lands; also Homestead Law, Constitution, and Ordinances; besides valuable information, statistics, etc., for capitalists and others, with late Maps. By mail, postage paid to any part of the country. Inclose $1 50. Address Wm. H. Brewster, P.O. Box 2450, St. Louis, Mo.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1866.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $4 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates: one quarter of a page, each Number, $75; one half, $125; whole page $250. The circulation of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is believed to be larger than that of any similar publication in the world.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$4 00
One Copy for Three Months	1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.